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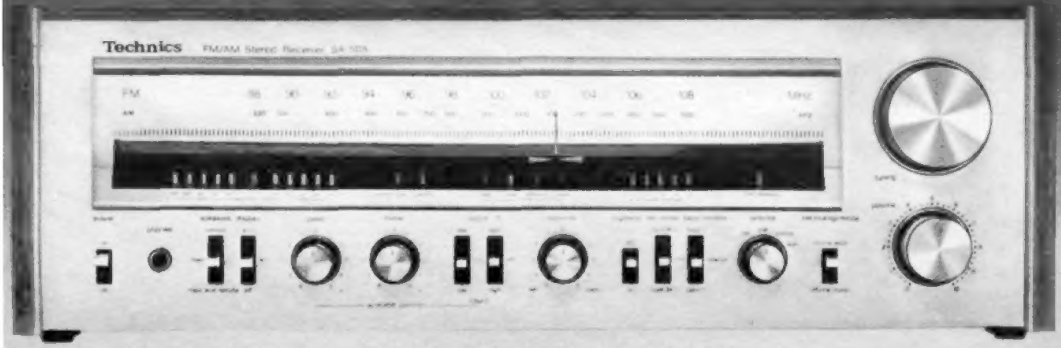

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Next Week

THE OLYMPIC STAGE IS SET, decorated lightly with snow and heavily with political perturbation, as Lake Placid welcomes athletes from 38 nations to the Winter Games. In words and pictures our preview issue indicates who and what to watch for in the major sports and the best bets for medals in every event, and William Oscar Johnson chronicles the glories and perils of that Olympic centerpiece, the downhill.

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Sideline

by JIM KAPLAN

TAKE A BREAK FROM THE WINTER GAMES TO SAMPLE SUPERB OLYMPIC CULTURE

Whatever happened to the classical ideal of the well-rounded athlete? When the ancient Greeks were in charge of the Olympics, many athletes were steeped in both sports and arts. In creating the modern Olympics in 1896, Baron Pierre de Coubertin envisioned competition in both areas, but only at the 1924 Paris Olympics were prizes awarded in such areas as poetry, sculpture and music. Particularly noteworthy for their lack of artistic activities were the four Olympics held in the U.S., especially Squaw Valley's 1960 Winter Wonderland, at which "cultural" events were put in the hands of entertainers Walt Disney and Art Linkletter.

The upcoming Winter Games in Lake Placid, however, should at last earn the U.S. a symbolic gold medal in the arts. That triumph won't have come easily, because Arts Director Carolyn Hopkins has had to contend with a meager budget of only $1.5 million and considerable local hostility. When she first mentioned the arts to members of the local Olympic Organizing Committee, they made jokes; the committee, which has sold its soul to corporate sponsors, preferred, it seems, to spend its time at such uplifting endeavors as designating an official Olympic chewing tobacco. Town residents have complained about the half-dozen murals and outdoor sculptures with which the National Fine Arts Committee has graced their community. Rounding out the Philistine Brigade is ABC-TV, which has not allocated one minute of air time to serious coverage of the arts program.

Despite these handicaps, Hopkins and her assistants have put together what could become one of the most heavily attended arts festivals in American history. And deservedly so. The 51,000 daily visitors to the Winter Olympics will be able to hop tour buses, which will take them to 17 major exhibitions. Among the highlights will be displays of ice sculpture; Indian and sports art; crafts; video art; photography; Olympic posters and stamps; and children's art. Even those who don't seek out the arts may get them. A company called Innovation Arts will perform spontaneously wherever there are audiences, its magicians, storytellers and mimes following crowds to the slopes.

And that's not all. Five outstanding groups will give world premiere performances of works especially created for the Olympics—the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, New Haven's Long Wharf Theatre, the Cantilena Chamber Players, Jazzmobile and Pilobolus Dance Theatre. The six Pilobolus dancers, whose work combines athletics, dance, body sculpture and gymnastics, could turn out to be the best act in town.

"We hope to restore the balance of art and sport," says Hopkins, a harpist who is president of the Lake Placid Center for Music, Drama and Art. "The message people should get is, 'I'm a whole person and I've got creative as well as sporting interests. I'm seeing the best of both at the Olympics, and it's an example and an inspiration for me.' "

If you're planning to attend the Olympics and have a fondness for the arts as well as athletics, call the Olympic ticket office for details on exhibits and performances. If you're staying home, consult your TV listings. A PBS special on Feb. 10 will preview what ABC has chosen to ignore. **END**

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SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

Lord Killanin, the president of the International Olympic Committee, was asked the other day whether there was a possibility that the country which invaded Afghanistan might possibly use the Summer Olympics for propaganda purposes. Killanin replied that he didn't think so because "if they did, they could be in breach of [IOC] rules."

LET IT SNOW

SI's Brooks Clark reports from Lake Placid, N.Y.: "There's a large wooden sign on Main Street here reading IT'S NO MIRACLE—IT'S REAL SNOW! Well, there has been snow this winter on Whiteface Mountain and on some cross-country ski trails all right, but until now it has been mostly machine-made. The other day, with barely two weeks to go till the opening ceremonies, honest-to-goodness snow fell—five inches of it—easing fears among members of the Lake Placid Olympic Organizing Committee (LPOOC) that some events of the Winter Olympics might have to be held elsewhere. That sign on Main Street notwithstanding, the real snow did seem rather like a miracle.

"The need now is for similar divine intervention to help unload the 135,000 tickets for Olympic events (out of 550,000 total) that remain unsold. To be sure, ever since the LPOOC set aside tickets for tour operators, it has *said* it was sold out, apparently on the principle of 'out of sight, out of mind.' The illusion was shattered when the tour operators had trouble selling their Olympic packages. They claim to have been hurt by stories that visitors to Lake Placid during the Olympics would encounter monstrous traffic jams and a shortage of restaurants, motel rooms and toilets.

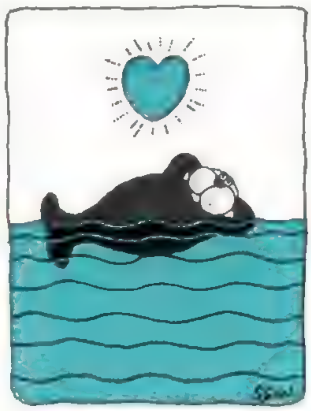
"In an effort to dispel the specter of impending disaster, one LPOOC official, Kevin McHale, says of Lake Placid's ability to handle visitors, 'It's the same as when 90,000 people descend on Norman, Okla. in the fall. It seems impossible, but it works.' Fears about a shortage of rooms, anyway, seem unwarranted. Tour operators generally have motel rooms to go with their tickets and there are indications that the superinflated rental market may degenerate into a last-minute fire sale. David Stalker, for instance, has been reduced to advertising a mobile home for the 13-day Games at the bargain-basement price of a suite at the Waldorf—$2,500 'or best offer.'

"Some local merchants complain that along with an absence of snow, promotional blunders by the LPOOC have resulted in disappointing pre-Olympic business. They point in particular to a poorly attended hockey tournament in December advertised by posters neglecting to mention that Canada was playing the Soviet Union. But then, Lake Placid's organizers have never claimed to be slick. On the contrary, they have represented themselves all along as lovable country folk, staging what Press Director Ed Lewi continues to call 'an Olympics in perspective, an Olympics of a small community.' And indeed, there is a certain quaintness in the fact that the Olympic speed-skating oval is situated on the football field at Lake Placid Central High and that the liquor store across the street—identified simply as 'Liquor Store'—has a sign in the window, COME IN, WE SPEAK OLYMPIC.

"While there are rumors that Lake Placid is going to take a financial bath, even the LPOOC's sternest critics agree that General Manager Petr Spurney has done a good job of keeping his operation afloat—so far. Of course, politics have a way of intruding. Last week Liang Ren-Guey, a cross-country skier on the Republic of China's team, filed suit in New York State Supreme Court to halt the Games on the grounds that he and his 17 teammates have been wronged by an International Olympic Committee ruling that they must compete under the name of 'China Taipei' and refrain from using their own flag and anthem. And three days before the Games begin, the IOC will meet in Lake Placid and discuss whether to move the Moscow Summer Games. An advance party of several U.S.S.R. officials has been staying under tight security in Lake Placid for some time now, preparing for the arrival of their athletes, who, as far as anyone knows, will compete in the Winter Games. It remains to be seen whether anybody will speak Olympic to them."

DEFENDING THE DEFENSELESS

Not long ago, in *The New Yorker*, Faith McNulty wrote that the manatee may be "the only example of a higher mammal that lives its life virtually without aggression toward its own species or any other.... The manatee is a mammal, like us. It has a brain and a nervous system



much like ours, but one characteristic so fatally pervasive in the rest of the animal world has somehow been bred out of it. The manatee will not fight, even to protect itself or to save its young. It injures no other vertebrate creature. Surely there is some use in contemplating this uniquely blameless life."

Because of the qualities described by McNulty, the manatee is in trouble. The animal is on the federal endangered-species list and its U.S. population, which is confined mostly to Florida, is fewer than 1,000. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service warns that its numbers may well be declining.

Ungainly in appearance, with a seal-like body and a broad horizontal tail, a mature manatee can be eight to 12 feet long and weigh up to 2,000 pounds. Its diet consists of underwater plants; man-

continued

HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts prevent this.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint—one that doesn't require any action by the occupant—be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint—a new type of automatic belt—as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

By the 1982 model year, we must begin putting passive restraints in all full-size cars and, eventually, into the entire fleet. But until you purchase one of these cars of the future, you can protect yourself and others by using seat belts and urging your family and friends to follow your example.

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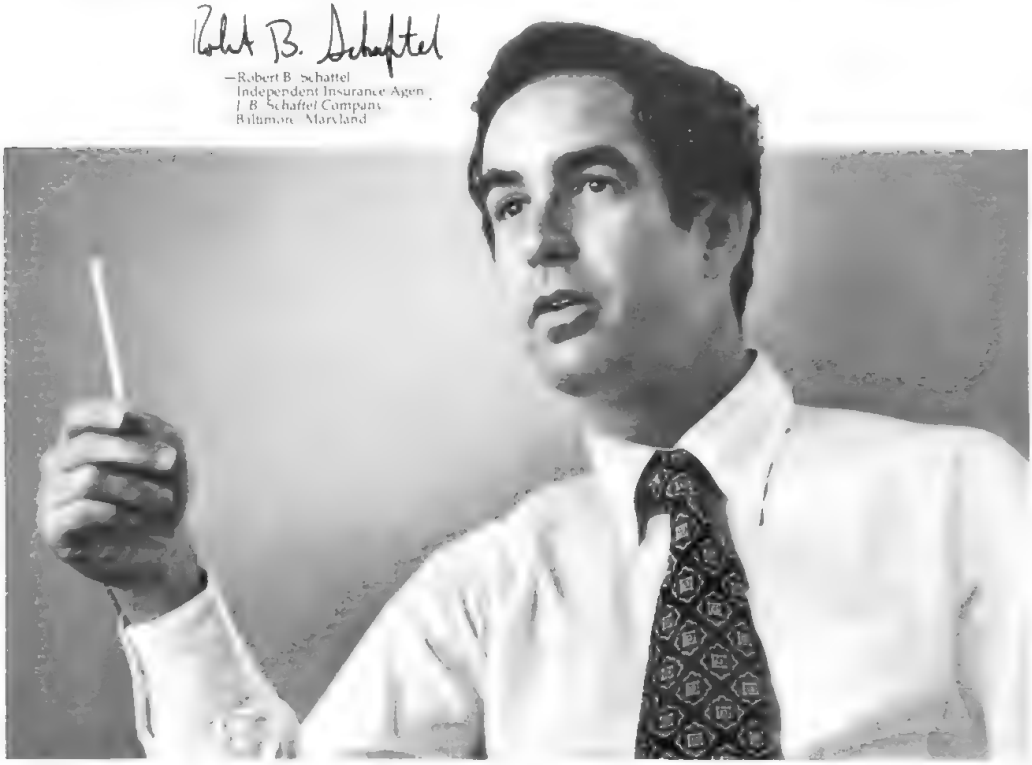

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atees are the only water-bound herbivores extant. Because of their acute sensitivity to the cold, these gentle, lumpish creatures rarely venture north of Florida's warm rivers, canals and, occasionally, offshore waters. And because they are mammals, they bob to the surface to breathe. It is then that they meet up with their principal predators—man and boats. It is estimated that at least 80% of the manatees in Florida bear the scars of encounters with propeller blades.

Florida is making a serious effort to defend its official state marine mammal. It annually promotes a "Manatee Awareness Week" and has imposed strict boating speed limits in waters in which manatees gather. Florida law provides for up to a year in prison and a hefty fine for willful injury to a manatee. Lauding such stiff measures, *The Miami Herald* recently editorialized, "[Manatees] are friendly and curious and harmless and defenseless. They swim languidly to welcome any creature or thing that enters their watery world.... Though manatees are not good for much, they are good."

ALARMING SELECTIVITY

The trouble in the now-infamous Dec. 23 game began when the New York Rangers' Ulf Nilsson tripped the Boston Bruins' Al Secord, an infraction ignored by Referee Gregg Madill. Secord then got even by tripping Nilsson as the game ended (Boston won 4–3), an offense also ignored by Madill. At that, the Rangers' John Davidson charged into a crowd of Bruins, touching off a five-minute melee that spilled into a corner of the Madison Square Garden rink close to taunting, debris-throwing fans. Owing to Madill's slowness to send players to their locker rooms and a failure by security officers to cordon off the players from the fans, one spectator was able to take a poke at Bruin Stan Jonathan and grab his stick. Thereupon several Boston players stormed into the stands to battle the paying customers.

Last week NHL President John Ziegler finally handed down his long-awaited verdict on the 33-day-old incident. Ziegler meted out the harshest discipline against a team in NHL history, suspending the Bruins' Terry O'Reilly for eight games and teammates Peter McNab and Mike Milbury for six each. Those three also were fined $500 each, as were four other Bruins. Ziegler hit 11 other Boston players with fines of $200 apiece.

More noteworthy than what Ziegler did, however, was what he didn't do. He took no action against Nilsson, Davidson or any other Ranger, nor did he discipline Referee Madill. Furthermore, he concluded that security at the Garden had been "up to expected standards."

Ziegler's highly selective crackdown is alarming. By longstanding and reprehensible tradition, NHL players consider it a matter of honor to take retribution against opponents and abusive fans. By harshly punishing the Bruins, Ziegler may have served notice that players can no longer take the law into their own hands when dealing with fans. By exonerating all the other parties involved, though, he winked at both the laxity of officials and the often deliberate eye-for-an-eye provocations of players who are encouraged by this laxity. These were the factors that inflamed the fans on Dec. 23—and, indeed, that provoke most of the NHL's uglier incidents. As Ziegler correctly put it, the spectacle of players battling spectators brings "disrepute and dishonor" to the NHL. So, however, does Ziegler's continued refusal to root out the causes of the behavior that sullies the image of his league.

WILT VS. THE WORLD

During his 14-year NBA career, Wilt Chamberlain scored 50 or more points in a game 122 times. It is a measure of Chamberlain's accomplishment that when the San Diego Clippers' Freeman Williams scored 51 points in a 137–123 loss to Phoenix on Jan. 19, it was only the 123rd time that a player other than Wilt had reached the 50 mark. In other words, it has taken all other NBA players the 31 years since Philly's Joe Fulks got the NBA's first 50 to "break" Wilt's record.

It may be that a new scoring phenom will come along one day and beat Chamberlain all by himself. Or maybe not. At the moment, Nos. 2 and 3 on the career list behind Wilt are Elgin Baylor and Rick Barry, who tallied 50 or more in a game 18 and 15 times, respectively.

THE LOS ANGELES RAIDERS?

An intercity bidding war over the Oakland Raiders is nearing a showdown. On one side is the Los Angeles Coliseum, which is now vacant because of the Rams' decision to play next season in Anaheim Stadium, 30 miles to the south. Hoping to persuade the Raiders to shift to L.A., the commission operating the Coliseum has promised to spend $17 million for moving expenses, luxury boxes and a new practice field. On the other side is the Oakland Coliseum. To keep the Raiders, Oakland officials have offered to spend up to $13 million on improvements. This might well involve letting the Oakland A's buy out their lease and move to Denver. That would provide $4 million of the $13 million and leave the stadium entirely to the Raiders.

One stumbling block to a move to L.A. is an NFL bylaw requiring that any franchise shift be approved by 21 of the league's 28 clubs. The NFL used to require unanimous approval, but in an apparent effort to strengthen its legal position it reduced the number of requisite votes to 21 when, in 1978, the L.A. Coliseum Commission greeted the Rams' decision to leave by bringing a federal antitrust suit. That suit is pending, and Commissioner Pete Rozelle, worried that a Raider departure might arouse a public outcry in Oakland, vows to fight. That puts Oakland boss Al Davis on the spot. His chances of mustering the necessary 21 votes of his co-owners are uncertain, and if he tries to move unilaterally, a subsequent NFL victory in court could leave him without a stadium. Rozelle has warned that the Raiders also could be dropped from the 1980 NFL schedule. The L.A. Coliseum's operatives are also in a bind because their renovations must begin soon if they are to be completed by next season. Accordingly, they have asked the federal court in which their antitrust suit is pending to speed up proceedings by enjoining the NFL from blocking a Raider move to L.A.

If, on the other hand, the Raiders remain in Oakland, they will not be the first club to have used enticements from the Los Angeles Coliseum as leverage in extracting better deals at home; the Minnesota Vikings, Miami Dolphins and Baltimore Colts all have done so.

THEY SAID IT

• Dave Graf, Cleveland Brown linebacker, on an ovation afforded teammate Dino Hall, who is 5′ 7″: "When the crowd started chanting, 'Dino, Dino,' his parents must have felt five feet tall."

• Dana Kirk, Memphis State basketball coach, who provided the TV commentary for a game in which Les Henson's 89-foot desperation shot at the buzzer gave Virginia Tech a 79–77 victory over Florida State: "Quite frankly, I thought he took a bad shot." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 4, 1980

FACING BEAR FACTS

In tense meetings at Colorado Springs the U.S. athletic community reluctantly lined up to pass up the Olympic Games in the Soviet Union **by RON FIMRITE**

The unspeakable word in stormy, snowbound Colorado Springs last weekend was not "blizzard" but "boycott." The very mention of it before convening members of the U.S. Olympic Committee's executive board and their hard-sell petitioners from the White House elicited responses as chilly as the sub-freezing temperatures. But the unsavory word did pop up from time to time.

Lloyd Cutler, counsel to President Carter, heard it just after he completed two and a half hours of "brisk, give-and-take discussions" with the USOC board members Saturday morning at the Broadmoor Hotel. Cutler was shocked by such language. "The President's request," he explained huffily, "is that if Soviet troops remain in Afghanistan, the United States Olympic Committee propose to the International Olympic Committee that the Olympic Games be transferred from Moscow or canceled or postponed. Failing such effort, he requests that no U.S. team attend the Games this summer."

This final option appeared nowhere in the resolution the executive board adopted that evening by unanimous vote of the 68 attending members. It resolved that the USOC would indeed ask the IOC to move the Olympic Games out of the Soviet Union or cancel or postpone them, but if the IOC should reject that proposal, the board only said that "appropriate action" would be considered. In the meantime, the USOC "shall continue to select and prepare the United States Olympic team. . . ."

Boycott? No way, USOC President Robert J. Kane said the board was merely "buying time" with its resolution. Unless prodded further by Carter, it has until May 24, eight weeks before the Games begin, to send word of its entry to Moscow, according to IOC rules. Not entering, Kane reminded questioners, is hardly the same as boycotting something or somebody, even though the effect is the same, you're not around.

The President's men seemed satisfied with the result. "The USOC has taken a very important step," said deputy pres-

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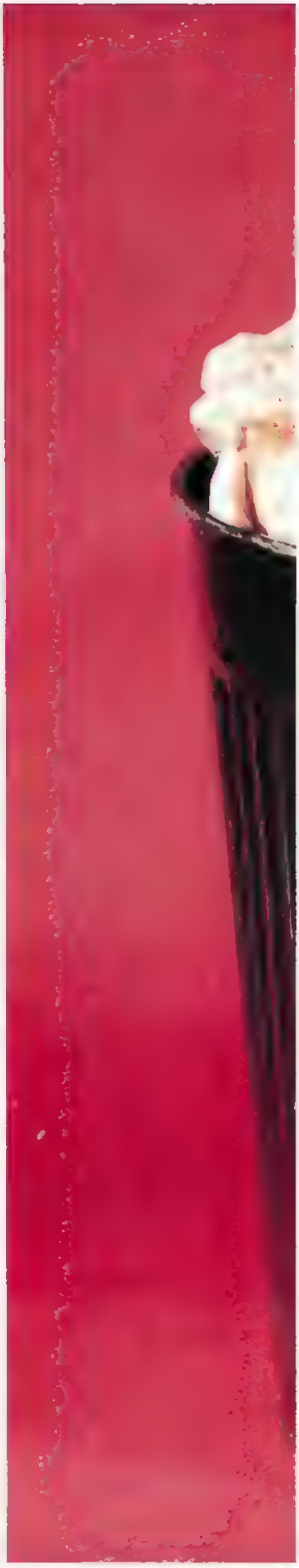


With a U.S. boycott of the Olympics a virtual certainty, the 1980 Games—and mascot Misha—will not be the real stuff

continued

idential counsel Joseph Onek after the vote. "It is the first step in signaling to the Russians that their aggression in Afghanistan will not go unanswered. This is precisely what the President requested." According to Onek, there was no need to take the final step of boycotting—withdrawing from the Games until later. The President does not expect either the IOC or the USOC to take action before February 20, the deadline he has set for the U.S.S.R. to clear its troops out of Afghanistan.

But, in fact, the USOC must soon meet the concept of boycott head on, for there seems as little chance of the IOC accepting any part of the Colorado Springs resolution as there is of U.S.S.R. troops moving out of Afghanistan by the President's deadline. Lord Killanin, the Irish peer who is president of the IOC, insists, "There is no question of the Games being moved to another venue." They have been awarded to Moscow, he asserts, and it would be logistically impossible to take them anywhere else. "This does not mean," he quickly appends, "that I or the IOC are condoning the political action of the host country, but if we started to make political judgments, it would be the end of the Games."

President Carter's decision, in Killanin's view, was "hasty." As for postponement, Rule 54 of the IOC Charter requires the Games to be held during "the last year of the Olympiad which they are to celebrate"—1980 for the XXII Olympiad. "In no circumstances," states the Charter, "may they be postponed for another year." The options come down to a single word for the USOC.

White House and State Department officials reject Killanin's notion that moving the Games is a logistical impossibility. "It seems almost beyond belief that, given the entrepreneurship of the Western world, a major sports event cannot be organized in six months," says Nelson Ledsky, who heads the State Department's Olympic Task Force.

With its action last weekend, the USOC itself may be considered a malefactor in some Olympic circles, because in apparently knuckling under to its own government it could be charged with breaking the IOC's Rule 24c, which states, "National Olympic Committees must be autonomous and must resist all pressure of any kind whatsoever, whether of a political, religious or economic nature." The suggestion that this rule might be enforced against the USOC turns Cutler and Onek apoplectic.

"It's inconceivable that the Olympic Committee of the Soviet Union could be autonomous and free of political influence," said the ordinarily unflappable Cutler last Saturday. "Indeed its members are high officials of the Soviet government." The vote supporting the President "does not mean the USOC is not autonomous," added Onek. "The President has also asked many Americans to conserve energy. Are they any less autonomous for complying?"

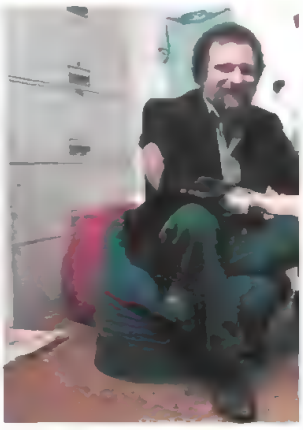
Whatever the consequences of the U.S. action—and one might be to endanger the 1984 Games scheduled for Los Angeles—both White House and State Department staffers seemed determined last week to pursue a course that their interpretation of the public response tells them is the right one. On Thursday the House of Representatives voted overwhelmingly—386 to 12—in favor of the President's Olympic policy, and the Senate is expected to take a similar action soon. Newspaper editorials and public-opinion polls have been running strongly in favor of what people insist on calling the boycott."

The President is doing less well abroad, although British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher quickly joined his side. In a letter to Sir Dennis Follows, chairman of the British Olympic Association, she called for a transfer of the Games, writing, "We believe that, with cooperation between like-minded countries, it should be possible to hold the Games in one or, if necessary, more than one other place [besides Moscow]. . . . In an ideal world, I would share entirely the philosophy of the Olympic Movement that sport should be divorced from politics. Sadly, however, this is no longer a realistic view. For the Soviet Union, the Olympic Games are a major political event which will be used to boost Soviet prestige in the world."

Cutler says he's much encouraged by support from abroad. He claims that the President has received favorable, or at least sympathetic, reactions from as many as 30 foreign governments, including many in the Moslem world. But national governments can only request action of their Olympic committees, albeit

Cutler [illegible] Carter [illegible] USOC

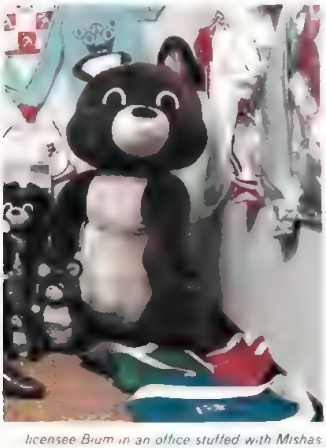
Ledsky [illegible] [illegible] punitive



"Why is the bear smiling?" asks Games mascot.

...missed the point

The USOC's Kane Wise: "...all keen" in the plan



licensee Brum in an office stuffed with Mishas

with some muscle. The committees themselves have the final responsibility for determining participation or withdrawal. For instance, while Canadian Prime Minister Joe Clark pledged immediate support for Carter's policy, the Canadian Olympic Association hedged. It issued a release that said in part, "The Canadian Olympic Association does not agree that participation in Olympic Games in Moscow *represents an endorsement* of the government of the Soviet Union or any of its activities."

Most of the national Olympic committees, like the USOC, were buying time. The French were an exception, accepting the Soviet invitation the day after it was received, despite the impassioned plea of a Soviet dissident, Vasily Kuznetsov, who lives in France. "Claiming that sports and politics can be divided is missing the point," he thundered. "In our world everything is politics, and the Olympics are grand politics."

Much of Western Europe was quite obviously squirming under the ever-increasing pressure to declare support or nonsupport. In Holland, chess grand master Viktor Korchnoi, who defected from the USSR in 1976, urged a boycott, saying, "We do not talk about affecting the Soviet Union. We talk about compromising the politics of the Soviet government in the eyes of the Soviet people."

West Germany, like many of its neighbors, waffled. But as the politicians hemmed and hawed, requests for tickets to the Games soared. Apparently, sports buffs were reapplying in hopes of getting returns from those canceling out.

Some European nations suggested alternatives to President Carter's intransigent position. Luxembourg Prime Minister Gaston Thorn proposed as "the only realistic compromise solution" that the Western nations send "second-rate" athletes to Moscow. Emanuel Rose, the secretary general of Denmark's Olympic Committee, suggested that Danish athletes decide for themselves whether or not to compete but recommended that those going to Moscow not take part in the opening or closing ceremonies. The president of the Belgian Olympic Committee, Raoul Mollet, opposed President Carter's position saying, "Someone always has a reason for boycotting an event in which those who do not share his ideas are participating," but he added, "We will quite understand if for personal reasons a leader or an athlete refuses to go."

The governments of Australia and New Zealand quickly lined up behind the President. Asian countries were taking a wait-and-see approach, but they, too, seemed likely to follow the American lead. Another U.S. ally in this matter apparently will be the People's Republic of China, which, after a long fight to gain admittance to the Olympics, is now preparing for its first Games since 1952. Nevertheless, a spokesman for China's National Sports Commission has told newsmen that "the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan does not accord with the Olympic spirit." An American boycott or insistence on moving the Games to another site would probably place irresistible pressure on the undecided Japanese to follow suit.

Cutler is confident of a steady growth of anti-Soviet sentiment. "No modern Olympic Games have been wholly free of politics since 1936, when Hitler used them as a showcase for Nazism, just as, Cutler says, the Russians will use the 1980 Games to advertise themselves. In Colorado Springs, Cutler told newsmen that becoming the Olympics' first Communist host "may be the most important single event in the Soviet Union since World War II. . . We intend to deny them what was going to be an enormous propaganda victory."

The Soviet Union was an aggressor in at least two other Olympic years—in 1956 against Hungary and in 1968 against Czechoslovakia—and yet no U.S. boycotts were proposed. "This is different," Cutler insists, because this time the U.S.S.R. is the host. "And, in principle, we ought not to be in the capital of the aggressor at the very moment the aggression *is going on*."

Ledsky pulls no punches in saying that the Administration's course is a punitive one. "We want to make the Soviets pay the price, show them there are costs involved," he says. "There is something repellent about Soviet troops being in Afghanistan at the same time flights of doves are being let loose in Moscow."

Sandra Gust, a foreign-service officer on the State Department's Soviet Desk, points up the Soviet's vulnerability to intimidation through sports. "Russia is a very sports-conscious country," she says. "The Russians seek a kind of respectability in international competition. Their triumphs are widely publicized. They like to think of themselves as being in a sort

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of friendly competition with the Americans. Soviet society would certainly ask where the Americans were. They couldn't fail to notice that something was wrong. It [a boycott] is a way of bringing home to the Soviet people that what their government does affects every aspect of their relations with us, including sports. In many ways, it is the strongest action we can take in getting our message through."

Yet, some old Kremlin hands see the public response to the President's Olympic policy as senseless jingoism. The Soviets, said one veteran diplomat, will turn the boycott against us. "They will portray it as a blow against people-to-people contact. They will do their best to show that this is just another example of the odd workings of the West. A boycott would hurt them, but they would find redeeming aspects."

The absence of a U.S. team in the Olympics would, in current Washington parlance, "cost" the Soviets, but it would also cost a number of Americans a pretty ruble. The National Broadcasting Company, which invested $87 million for the privilege of televising the Games, can recoup most of its initial investment through insurance, but the cost in lost advertising revenue could be heavy. And then there is Stanford Blum, a Los Angeles businessman. His company, Image Factory Sports Incorporated, holds the U.S. rights to market products bearing the various symbols of the Moscow Olympics, including the mascot Misha. Says a glum Blum, "As of now, Misha the bear is dead. Nobody wants to have the stigma of Russia attached to them."

But the biggest losers of all will be the athletes, many of whom have been training for years, at considerable financial sacrifice, for the chance at an Olympic medal. Yet, few Americans share the philosophy of a French Olympian in judo, Jean-Luc Rouge, who in speaking of his fellow Olympians has said, "France is not a country to us, it is a team. Moscow isn't a city, it's a stadium. The *Marseillaise* is really just a song—we could compete under any tune. The important thing for us is just to play."

Around the world, athletes generally decried the possibility of a boycott. "I think governments and politicians should keep their noses out of the Olympics," said John Walker of New Zealand, the gold medalist in the 1,500 in Montreal. "In 1976, when South Africans were not permitted to compete, the only real victims were athletes in general—not South Africa." Swedish fencer Rolf Edling, also a Montreal gold medalist, said, "Sport should be the last contact to be broken between countries, not the first."

Moreover, it was clear that the Americans would be missed. In Italy, Pietro Mennea, the world-record holder in the 200-meter dash, bemoaned the possible pullout by the U.S. "I have been looking forward to the Moscow Olympics for years," he said, "ever since I failed to win a medal in Montreal. The Games should be the highlight of my career. I want to win a gold in the 200 and then retire. But I want to win a real gold. An Olympic final without the Americans would be worth nothing."

But there were athletes who viewed some sort of action as necessary. "I go along with the boycott," said New Zealand's Dick Quax, a veteran of two previous Olympics and a candidate for both the 10,000 and the marathon in Moscow. "It seems crazy to me that New Zealand's sending a rugby team to South Africa caused an African boycott of the Montreal Olympics and that Russia's sending an army into Afghanistan doesn't seem to disturb some people."

It certainly disturbs Carter, whose Olympic policy is only part of a larger strategy including the grain embargo, tightening the exportation of high-technology equipment and major increases in military expenditures. "We have asked farmers to make sacrifices ...," Cutler says. "At first we all tend to think of our own interests. Eventually, we come to think of the overall interest."

The USOC executive board met for about eight hours in Colorado Springs last Saturday. Then Kane, looking simultaneously weary, relieved and bemused, announced that the resolution supporting the President—to a point just short of boycott—had been "hammered out and passed with the full support of the executive board." He read the resolution and answered some questions. Then, with an odd smile, he said, "The question is whether the Olympic movement is to be made into a weapon to get the Big Bear, [but remember] the weapon is made of flesh and blood." END

THE 'PAWNS'

In the weeks before last Saturday's Oregon Indoor Track & Field Meet in Portland, the first U.S. event in which Soviet athletes were to participate since President Carter first threatened an Olympic boycott on Jan. 4, the Northwest hosted numbers of experienced and perceptive Olympians, all of them struggling to sort out the welter of hopes and goals and ideals that bear on the issue. In the difficult, often painful evolution of their thought could be seen the same rigor and honesty that carried them to their victories, their records. At the end of this melancholy passage, however, few of them see anything but a lasting division.

The first, visceral reaction of most Olympians to Carter's proposal of a boycott of the Moscow Games was to defend the ideal of pure sport, to reassert that sports and politics don't mix. Minutes after the President's Jan. 4 speech, Edwin Moses, the Olympic champion and world-record holder in the 400-meter hurdles, an engineer and careful thinker, had exploded. "Just what right does Carter have to keep us from going, anyway?" he said. "Those are *our* Games. The athletes' games." Moses went on to say that he would consider filing suit to prevent the President from imposing a ban on athletes' travel.

Another version of this instinctively protective argument was voiced by many, including marathoner Bill Rodgers, who pointed out that U.S. amateur athletes seem to live in the worst of two worlds. Unlike professionals or the "amateurs" of many other nations, American Olympians get scant financial support in their years of training, but, also unlike pros, they are called upon to be instruments of foreign policy. "Usually we are agents of international goodwill and understanding," said Jane Frederick of Santa Barbara, Calif., who is the American-record holder in the pentathlon, has been to two Olympics and would be a contender for a gold in a third. "But the other possibility is there as well," she said. "For a greater good, we may need to sever such exchanges, and whichever way it goes this time, I must accept the inescapable conclusion: I am a pawn."

For most athletes, the broader implications of the boycott were slow to sink

MAKE A MOVE

by Kenny Moore

in Sue Latter, the 1977 AAU 800-meter champion who had moved from Michigan to Eugene, Ore. to train for the Olympic Trials to be held there in June, said, "The chance of our not sending a team seemed impossible at first. The U.S. just has no history of using the Games like that. And when it looked like this was the time, I'm afraid my first thoughts were for myself."

Few could say otherwise. "I was overwhelmed by my personal involvement," said 18-foot-pole vaulter Jeff Taylor of the Maccabi TC of Los Angeles. "But then I started to read." Taylor, like a lot of others, got a massive political education in three weeks. "The complexity of the thing came in a flood," he said. "I came to see how the Olympics and politics have been connected since the beginning, that it is blind to pretend the Games exist in a vacuum. Now I am amazed at myself. The Olympics have been my goal for nine years, yet I'm saying we shouldn't go."

Athletes who had competed recently in the U.S.S.R. understood the depth of the Soviet leaders' hope that the Olympics would somehow usher their country into full acceptance among nations. Henry Marsh, a law student at Oregon and a 1976 Olympian who won the Spartakiade Games steeplechase in Moscow in July, at first put himself squarely behind the President, despite his rushing memories. "It gave me chills to hear the national anthem played for me in Lenin Stadium," he said, "but my first response to the boycott was simply patriotic, that we had to get out of the Games. I knew that it would hurt them. Then I wavered. I didn't know if a boycott would accomplish its intent, or how seriously it would damage the Olympic movement.

"I changed my mind every hour," said Marsh, who is a recently elected member of the USOC executive board. By the time of the board's deliberations last week, he was a firm advocate of moving the Games from Moscow and of not sending a team if the Olympics were held there.

With each side seeking to understand the other, hoping to fasten on something that would make a clear conviction possible, many athletes were irresistibly drawn to thoughts of an alternative Olympics, Games that not only would provide a substitute for Moscow, but also would bring long-needed reform. Jon Anderson, a 1972 Olympian at 10,000 meters and the 1973 Boston Marathon champion who is now coming back strongly after two Achilles' tendon operations, expressed the view that the athletes have never given unqualified approval to the Olympics as run by the IOC, but have merely accepted them as the only Games going. In between the 16 hard 330-yard intervals he ran one day last week, Anderson spoke of the IOC contention that it takes years to plan an Olympic Games, that it is Moscow or nowhere in 1980. "That's just hogwash," he said. "Maybe it takes six years to do all the irrelevant urban renewal that Munich and Montreal did, but the athletes don't care about that. All we need is a place to sleep, to train, to eat and to compete under fair officials. Why doesn't the IOC read this as a time to change?"

This became a compelling vision shimmering in and out of focus in many imaginations. An Olympics stripped of its nationalism where athletes would be chosen on a basis of performance. An Olympics held in several venues scattered around a small country. An Olympics in which amateur codes would finally be dropped, and with them hypocrisy. An Olympics in which women would be permitted to run farther than 1,500 meters.

"The only question is how practical is all that," said Taylor. "Where would the backing come from? Why would any government want to get involved?" The answer, this year, is simple: to keep the Olympics from Moscow. With Carter's Administration rumored willing to spend whatever it takes to support a relocated Games, it seemed a giddy, but just possible, hope that an alternative Olympics might result.

"You find out somebody's organizing anything like that," said Jane Frederick with a catch in her throat, "and you sign me up to work for it."

But no alternative Games can meet the first requirement of an Olympics, that there be the toughest possible competition, that *all* the best gather to have it out on a given day. The Eastern bloc countries would attend no renegade Games, and the best that could be imagined would be parallel competitions going on for years until unity might be restored in a more placid time.

Frederick wants in on any alternative Games

One more turning point in the athletes' discussions came last week when Andrei Sakharov, the Soviet physicist, dissident and Nobel Peace Prize winner, was arrested and sent to domestic exile in the off-limits city of Gorky. This coming only a week after Amnesty International had reported the detention of numerous Soviet dissidents who had attempted to monitor the U.S.S.R.'s compliance with the Helsinki agreement on human rights. It was as if the Soviet government had judged that it could take such actions with relative impunity, that it couldn't possibly get any more flak than it was already taking over the invasion of Afghanistan. But, in fact, what it did was give a clear and chilling view of that regime's disregard for the right to diversity and tolerance that the Olympics themselves celebrate. For some athletes the arrest of Sakharov was the last straw.

Anderson, growing angrier as he ran 330 after 330, rasped, "It is too late now, after all this, to think of going. It's too dangerous now. The world situation will still be precarious in July, passions will still be running. In 1956 there was blood in the water polo pool when the Rus-

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stans played a country they had just crushed (Hungary). But that would be the least of the problems in Moscow. The worst would be the horror of violence between the athletes themselves."

Surely the most experienced athlete at the Portland meet in the matter of dashed Olympic hopes was Mike Boit of Kenya, a doctoral candidate in physical education at Oregon. In 1972 Boit was the 800-meter bronze medalist and finished fourth in the 1,500 despite having his training interrupted by anxiety over whether Kenya would boycott in protest of the IOC's admission of a Rhodesian team. In 1976 Boit was a favorite in the 800, but black Africa boycotted the Montreal Games because of the presence of New Zealand, which had rugby ties with South Africa. Now Boit sees the 1980 Olympics slipping toward the same void. No athlete's soul has been wrenched more than Boit's. Yet no athlete has kept affirming sport's value more doggedly. Saturday night he would win the 1,000-yard run in Portland in a meet record 2:09.5. But earlier there was a note of fatalism in his soft, dry voice as he asked, "Do you think there will be an Olympics? I don't want to train and have it taken away again."

And then the Soviets arrived. A contingent of seven athletes, a coach, a manager and an interpreter landed in Portland on Tuesday night. The city had had its share of bartenders pouring Russian vodka down storm drains in protest against the Afghanistan invasion, but one, Bill McCormick, owner of Jake's Famous Crawfish Restaurant, had given such activities a rather comic tone. "I just hope we never go to war with Scotland," he said as he dumped $500 worth of Stolichnaya.

There was one lonely silent protester at the airport to greet the Soviets, and even he couldn't resist giving his objections an impish twist. His hand-lettered sign read JOE STALIN WOULD HAVE LOVED THE KABUL OLYMPICS.

Throughout their stay, there would be no visible displays of antagonism toward the Soviets, prompting the conclusion that Oregonians were sticking to their old habit of not mixing sports and politics, or at least were unwilling to visit the sins of the Kremlin upon the visitors.

For their part, the Soviet athletes left the talking to their coach, Valentin Tchistiakov, who calmly said they all knew of Carter's position. "But we feel no real misunderstanding between our two countries. That's why we're here." The Soviets watched the TV news with interest, especially when the story of Sakharov's exile broke, but when Carter came on to deliver his State of the Union address, one athlete switched the set off.

The only apprehensive moment came Thursday when the Soviet group visited the small coastal town of Seaside. There they were roughly invited into a bar by some very large, very direct and slightly inebriated loggers. "Settle a bet for us," the burly loggers said. "Are you those Russians?"

They said yes, they were Russian.

"No kidding. . . . Well, let's buy you all drinks and talk about this." An hour later the loggers were teaching the Soviets pool and asking to be photographed with them. "They're people just the same as us," was the consensus in the tavern. It was even noted that several Soviet athletes sneaked cigarettes when Tchistiakov wasn't looking.

As the competitors gathered for the Portland meet, word came from New Zealand that Mary Decker, who has been living and training in Eugene since last spring, had broken the women's world record for the mile with a 4:21.7. For a few, knowing that Decker has her heart set on breaking the Eastern European domination of the middle distances and knowing that if the Olympics are divided she will not get her chance, even this joyous news seemed undercut.

The Portland competition was spotty, and the format included a number of closed races in a four-way meet between Oregon, Oregon State, Washington and Washington State, but the Soviet athletes were successful against modest opposition. Katerina Smirnova won both the women's high jump at 5'10" and the 60-yard hurdles in 7.9. Nikolai Chernyetskiy was first in the 500 in 58.0, and Vladamir Murakiev won the men's 60 in 6.3. Hurdler Tatyana Anisimova was fourth in the 60-yard dash won by Andrea Lynch Saunders in 7.0. The Soviet interpreter, Nelly Argayan, said that after a week of "always the same questions, political questions," the U.S.S.R. athletes were relieved to be in action, "and happy to win, too." It seemed the sort of relief that is to be denied Americans for some time.

While the meet was in progress, reports came from Colorado Springs of the USOC decision to request that the IOC move, postpone or cancel the Moscow Games. Asked for his response, the Soviet manager, David Pertenava, said, "The IOC gave the Games to Moscow. In Moscow they will be. In our opinion, the Americans will be there." Then his party hurried off into a bitter, windy night, leaving Jacek Wszola, the Olympic high-jump champion from Poland, to win the outstanding performer award for his meet-record leap of 7' 1¼". Taylor won the pole vault at 17 feet from two of Wszola's countrymen, Tadeusz Slusarski and Wojciech Buciarski. Asked the inevitable, Slusarski said only, "Politics are politics. Like sports."

WARM DAYS

The U.S. boxers congregate in front of St. Basil's.

Buciarski, gregarious and an experienced hand on the U.S. indoor circuit, was asked his opinion on the boycott by Taylor and a friend of Taylor's.

"I'm sorry. I can't . . ." Buciarski began, as Taylor watched his eyes. "Maybe you don't understand," he continued, and his eyes seemed filled with supplication, "but I can't say anything."

Taylor squeezed Buciarski's shoulder and turned away. "And maybe I do understand," he said softly, shaken.

Thus, at this juncture in the athletes' tortuous journey, it seems that so long as authoritarian governments so menace the individual—be he a Sakharov or a Buciarski—that he cannot even share in the sadness of a friend, there is very good reason to cast aside the old and look to a better Olympics. END

In a decidedly non-political atmosphere in Portland, Soviet s Murakiev (center) won the 60-yard dash

IN MOSCOW

Unlike the U.S. track and field athletes in Portland, the two coaches and 15 fighters on the American amateur boxing team that fought last week in Moscow were firm in their view of the Olympic boycott—they don't like the idea. The fighters, who were in the U.S.S.R. for the latest of a 12-year series of annual bouts with Soviet boxers, had even ignored an 11th-hour State Department request that they not make the trip.

"There's no question we'd like to participate in the Olympics," said Dwaine Simpson, coach of the American team, to a crowd of correspondents—only two or three of whom represented Western media—at a press conference held in the Sports Palace. "The boys have been preparing for the Games for 3½ years. It's natural that they want to come. My personal feeling is—and it's shared by my colleagues in the U.S. Boxing Association—that politics and sports shouldn't be mixed." The Eastern-bloc journalists in attendance nodded in agreement.

Soviet and American fighters have been mixing it up on a regular basis since 1969, when the two countries' teams met in Las Vegas. At that time officials from both nations agreed to meet every year, alternating the site of the bouts, which are held in all 11 amateur weight divisions, between Moscow and Vegas.

The agreement also stipulated that in addition to the "official" fights, the visiting team would travel to various cities for exhibitions—or "friendly" bouts, as the Soviets call them. Thus this year's U.S. team, having lost 8–3 in Moscow, left late last week for appearances in Tbilisi in Soviet Georgia and Vilnius, the capital of Lithuania.

Like the Soviet track athletes in Oregon, the U.S. boxers, most of whom were youngsters inexperienced in international competition, received a welcome that didn't reflect the current tensions between the U.S. and the U.S.S.R. over the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. If anything, the Americans were treated better than U.S. teams usually are in the Soviet Union. The boxers were housed at the Metropol Hotel in downtown Moscow, a sumptuous accommodation rarely given over to visiting athletes. Asked what his reactions were after two days in Moscow, featherweight Jon Russell, 19, of Tampico, Ill., said, "It's been very good. The Soviet officials are treating us very well. They've taken us on city tours. The food in the hotel is very good, so are the rooms. So, we don't complain."

"We feel absolutely no pressure from anybody," added 20-year-old bantamweight Vince Christian of Philadelphia. Which is not to say the team went unnoticed. Fifteen kids, most of them black, wearing bright-red down jackets and red ski caps got curious glances in the snow-covered Moscow streets, where most of the other pedestrians were wearing gray or black. But no one yelled at the boxers, nor did they feel any hostility from the few Russians they met at the Metropol or at the gym where they worked out.

The treatment of the U.S. fighters at the hands of their Soviet opponents was another matter. At his press conference, Simpson had expressed concern that his squad had yet to shake off the effects of jet lag. But he concluded the session by saying, "I'm sure everyone on the team will put up a good fight, we'll do our best, and if we do our best, I feel we'll be winners."

Apparently the jet lag was still there the next day, or Simpson had underestimated the strength of the Soviet squad, because only three of the U.S. boxers were winners.

The bouts took place at the jammed Sports Palace of Lenin Stadium which was renovated last year to house the Olympic gymnastics competitions this July. The lights of the arena dimmed dramatically as the two teams—the U.S. boxers in white uniforms, the Soviets in blue—and the crowd stood at respectful attention while the Soviet national anthem and *The Star-Spangled Banner* were played.

Polite applause greeted the first American boxer into the ring, world junior light flyweight amateur champion Robert Shannon of Edmonds, Wash. And the crowd became downright generous in its cheers after the first round of Shannon's bout, in which he gave a masterful display of his title-winning skills. However, the jet lag, or at least Kamil Safin, caught up with Shannon in the final two rounds, and he was decisioned by the Soviet boxer. The only U.S. winners were flyweight Hurley Sneed, middleweight Alex Ramos and Lee Roy Murphy, a light heavyweight, who were all dutifully cheered.

But predictably the loudest crowd reaction was reserved for the home-country favorites, especially 18-year-old heavyweight Aleksandr (Sasha) Yagupkin. Though outweighted by 65 pounds by his U.S. opponent, 22-year-old David Bey of Philadelphia, Yagupkin disposed of Bey in a three-round decision. As the bout drew to a close, the Soviet fans, perhaps a little giddy from the U.S.S.R.'s resounding team victory, broke into chants of "Sasha! Sasha!" It was just the sort of celebration that the Soviet leadership hoped its people would enjoy come July, but now probably won't.

—FELIX ROSENTHAL

THESE TOUGH OLD BULLETS MAY BE SPENT

Advancing age and injuries may prevent Washington from making the playoffs

by BRUCE NEWMAN

All through the early weeks of the season, it seemed that it would be only a matter of a day or two—or a couple of games, at most—before the slump ended and the Washington Bullets found themselves headed for their accustomed spot atop the NBA's Atlantic Division. After all, this was the team that had specialized in dramatic comebacks, the team that won the NBA championship two years ago, the team that was runner-up for the title last season.

Well, the days passed and the games passed and perhaps an era did, too. It is past mid-season, and as of last Sunday the Bullets were five games under .500 and struggling. The calendar, in more ways than one, had become Washington's biggest concern.

By last week the question was not when the Bullets would make their run, but if they would even be able to squeak into their 12th straight playoffs.

Just what's wrong with this once-steadiest-of-all teams? You do not play in a town where Eric Sevareid was once half-canonized, for quoting Spinoza a lot and for knowing how to spell "Machiavellian," without being subjected to your share of punditry. The most popular—and most plausible—theory is this: the Bullets are too old. Although Washington has enough young players to keep its average age at a fairly reasonable 29.7, second oldest in the NBA, the most important starters are so long in the tooth that their ages are determined by carbon dating. Forward Elvin Hayes is 34, Center Wes Unseld will reach that age in March, and Forward Bob Dandridge is 32. A while back Bullet Coach Dick Motta gave some credibility to what had up to that point been only loose talk by speculating that the reason Hayes seemed to be dropping more balls than ever was that he was too old. In the Big E's case, Motta appeared to be arguing that the hands are the first to go.

Hayes has scored his usual 20 points a game this season, and according to last week's NBA stats he's the league's eighth-best rebounder and shot-blocker. Though less biased observers have never considered Hayes' hands to be one of his greatest attributes, the Big E is so crazy about his mitts that if he weren't busy wearing them, it would be all anybody could do to keep him from donating them to the Hall of Fame or the Smithsonian or maybe even to some team on which they would not go unappreciated. "What do hands have to do with it?" Hayes says. "I've had these hands my whole career. I know a lot of players who wish they

Motta's all puffed up nowadays, not with pride, but with frustration over his team's lack of cheek

had these bad hands. There's no big forward in the league having the year I'm having. My ability speaks for itself. The age thing is a cop-out. If it wasn't for the veteran players we have on the team, I don't know where we'd be now."

Motta has had nothing more to say on the subject of aging or Hayes' hands since November, when he was told by Bullets owner Abe Pollin that if he couldn't keep his opinions to himself he could start looking for work elsewhere. But that hasn't stopped others from taking note of a difference in the way Washington is playing. "We used to beat people physically," says Kevin Grevey, once the Bullets' reliable shooting guard, who's now hitting a pitiful 38% of his shots. "Teams used to dread playing us because we used to intimidate people and then wear them down. We aren't intimidating anybody now. I think they look *forward to us*."

Unseld, the sequoia-like team captain, ranked third in the league in rebounding last week, and he still sets the most imposing pick and throws the most effective outlet pass in the NBA. But injuries to other players have forced Unseld to play 35 minutes a game, more than in any of the past three seasons, and he knows that the pace eventually will catch up with his painfully arthritic knees. And despite his good numbers, Unseld admits that things are not as they once were.

"Some people don't want to admit it," he says, "but some of us have gotten old. What some of us have lost, we're never going to get back. I daresay we haven't any more talent than anybody else in the league, and now we're older. The Bullets used to be like a well-oiled machine, but the machine has changed. Age is definitely a factor in that change. There was a time when we would walk out on the floor and just physically beat people. We used to knock heads for 48 minutes, never giving any ground, and then see who won. We're not doing that anymore.

"I'm not saying we're over the hill. We just have to use a different approach to the game; we have to get mentally tough. And I don't know if the personnel we have here is capable of being mentally tough. I tend to doubt it. Some people just aren't going to change. If you don't bring it with you, you aren't going to find it there."

The Bullets have had no more than their share of injuries, but as Motta puts it, "Injuries have really hurt us because we have that old front line." Most troublesome have been the repeated absences of Dandridge, who missed 11 of Washington's first 40 games, often with nothing more than stiffness in his joints.

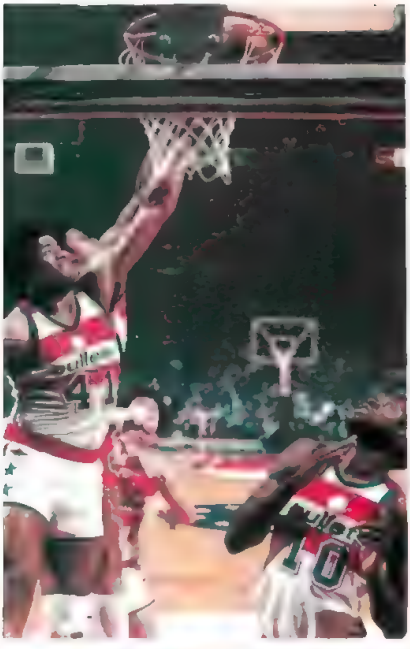
On Nov. 14, for instance, Dandridge played 33 minutes and scored 30 points against Chicago, apparently finishing the game uninjured. On Nov. 16, however, a stiff neck prevented him from making a trip to Piscataway, N.J. to play the Nets.

Dandridge started and played 33 minutes against Kansas City on Dec. 19. Then during Christmas week he missed

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MANNY MILLAN

Porter, the league leader in assists last season is now passing his time on the Bullets bench



Unseld (41) has played more despite his ach ng knees. Havlicek says he still has the hot hands

five games with an assortment of back, knee, neck and foot ailments. Having returned to the lineup on Jan. 1, Dandridge scored 15 points in 26 minutes against Los Angeles on Jan. 9. But when the Bullets boarded their bus two days later for the three-hour drive to Philadelphia and a game with the 76ers, Dandridge excused himself from the trip and the game with a sore ankle. The Bullets were in the midst of a four-game winning streak, and a victory would have put them at .500 for the first time in six weeks. "I placed as much importance on winning this game as any we've played all year," said Motta after Washington lost 119–106.

During the off-season, the Bullets signed playmaking wizard Kevin Porter, the NBA leader in assists the past two seasons, to a contract worth a reported $200,000 a year. Having lost free-agent Guard Tom Henderson to Houston, the Bullets were in need of a ballhandler and figured that in Porter they perhaps had the NBA player best equipped to get the ball to Hayes and Dandridge. And as late as five weeks into the season, Porter was second only to Boston's Nate Archibald in the league assist race with 8.9 a game.

Terrific. Except for one thing. Porter was getting his assists at the wrong time. He generally spent so many seconds dribbling around that the shooters didn't get to handle the ball until half of the time had expired on the shot clock. "We are a power team," Motta says, "and if the forwards aren't getting the ball low, we're wasting a lot of expensive talent."

There followed what became known as "Kevin's adjustment period," during which Porter attempted to make his penetrating game fit the Bullets' patterned offense. Kevin's adjustment period had been going on for weeks without notable success when, on Dec. 4, Washington picked up Jim Cleamons, who had been wasting away at the end of the Knicks' bench. Cleamons barely had to make any adjustments—he was already a heady, conservative guard of the sort that fits perfectly into pattern play—and soon he became the Bullets' ballhandler and Porter was benched, but good. In 16 January Bullet games through last Sunday, he played a grand total of 74 minutes. "Dick had pointed the finger at Kevin," says Grevey, "and Kevin had accepted the blame."

Porter has become so unhappy that no one has seen his lips move in nearly a month. "There's nothing wrong with Kevin," Unseld says. "He could probably still lead the league in assists. The mistake was in bringing him to a team that couldn't use him."

Porter has not been the only disappointment in the backcourt. Grevey, who had averaged 15.5 points over the past two seasons, lost whatever confidence he had left last week by shooting 0 for 4 in a 114–91 loss in Cleveland. But Grevey was hardly the only culprit. Excluding Roger Phegley, the Bullet guards went two for 24. Phegley is a remarkable shooter at times—he made 10 of 17 against the Cavs—as is Larry Wright, but both have been erratic. "We've had problems at guard for 46 games now," said Motta. "We use a different combination every game. We've been so inconsistent it's starting to frustrate the players." Or as Cleamons put it, "We can't kill anything, and nothing's dying."

In 1968 the then Baltimore Bullets had the second pick in the draft and took Unseld from the University of Louisville. The first pick that year was Hayes of Houston, whom the Bullets acquired in a trade in 1972. The Bullets have not missed the playoffs since Unseld joined them, which means that for a decade and more they have not had especially advantageous positions in the draft.

"We've made the playoffs the last 11 years," Motta says, "and in that time Boston has fallen on hard times twice, Philadelphia has been up and down, and the Lakers the same. There is no other team that has maintained the level of excellence that the Bullets have. But because the whole system is set up to help the weaker teams, there will be a time when this one will have to rebuild." This makes a neat little theoretical package, but the facts only partially support it. True, Washington's pick in 1975 was 18th among 18 NBA teams—Grevey was the choice—but in each of the next three years the Bullets had two first-round selections. Only one of those picks was among the top twelve, but Washington nonetheless got Mitch Kupchak, Wright, Bo Ellis, Greg Ballard, Dave Corzine and Phegley with them. All but Ellis are still with the Bullets. Last year Washington traded its first-round pick to Phoenix for the rights to Steve Malovic, who was later traded to San Diego.

Kupchak, the best acquisition from the draft, began suffering muscle spasms in his back late last season and wound up

continued

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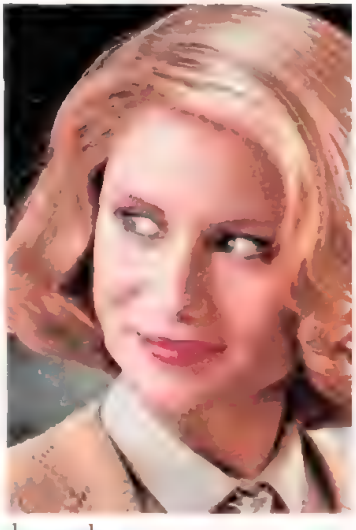

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We're planning to invest $10 billion over the next 5 years to help bring you the energy you need. It's a big risk and a big commitment, but we're going to do it.

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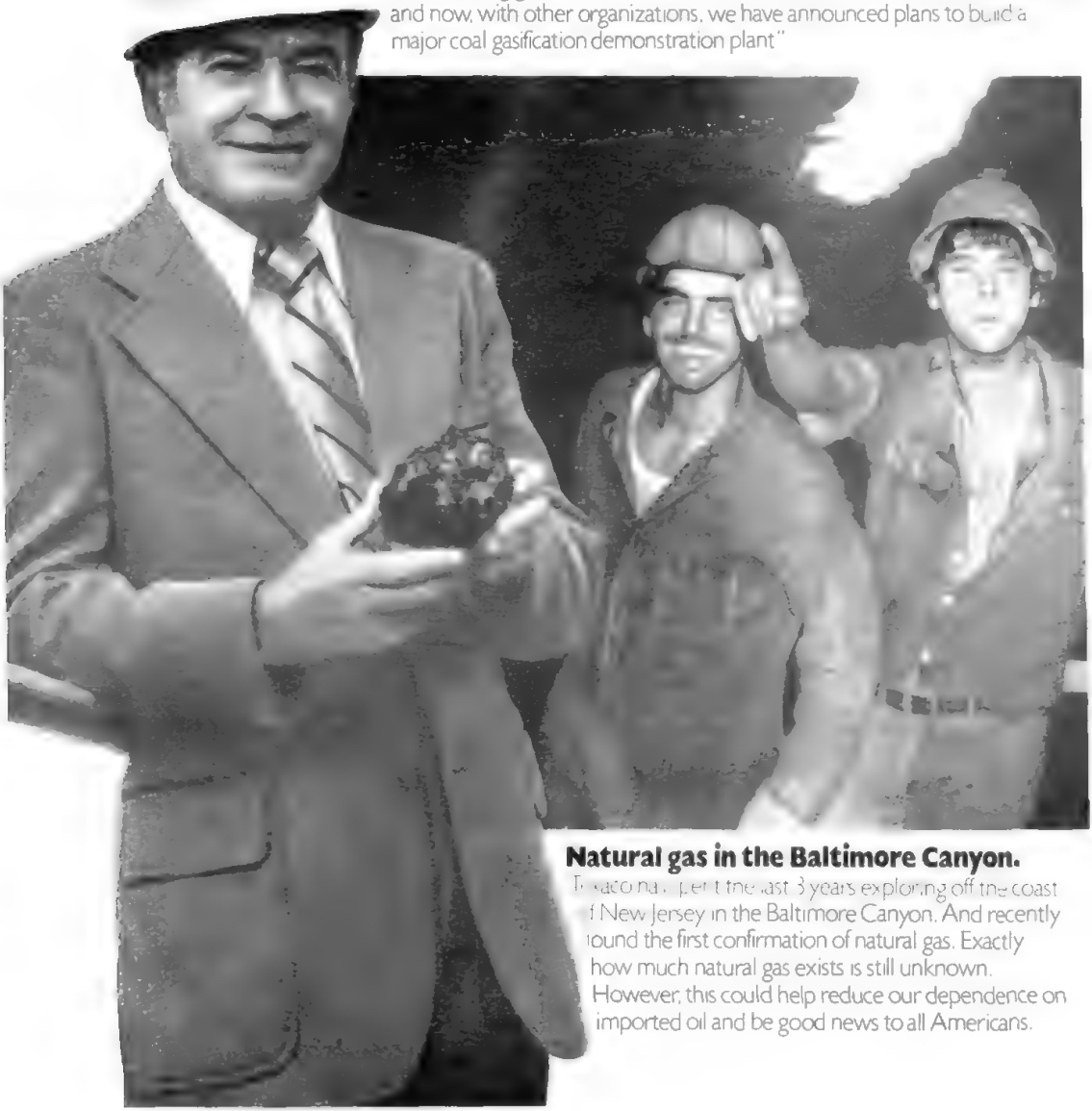
Bob Hope for Texaco. "Texaco's developed a process to turn coal into a clean-burning gas. Texaco's constructed a pilot plant in Montebello, California and now, with other organizations, we have announced plans to build a major coal gasification demonstration plant."



Natural gas in the Baltimore Canyon. Texaco has spent the last 3 years exploring off the coast of New Jersey in the Baltimore Canyon. And recently found the first confirmation of natural gas. Exactly how much natural gas exists is still unknown. However, this could help reduce our dependence on imported oil and be good news to all Americans.

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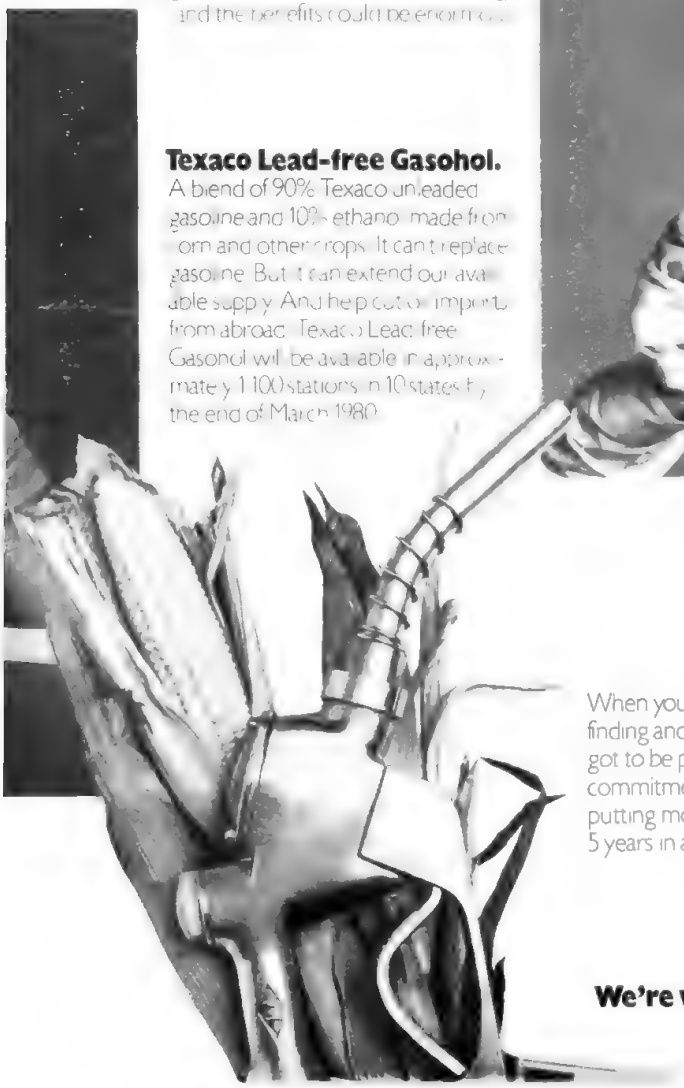

When you've got a big job to do, a job as big as finding and developing new sources of energy, you've got to be prepared to take big risks and make big commitments. That's why Texaco is committed to putting more than $10 billion to work over the next 5 years in an effort to bring you the energy you need.

TEXACO

We're working to keep your trust.

Coach Pentti Ranta hoists his flyer

"It is not a jumping sport. It is a flying sport, a lifting sport. You simply take off into the air at the same speed you come down the inrun. I used to ask my boys what they thought about going down the runway. One of them said, 'Shirley, you've got to be kidding. I think about how I'm going to land.' I said, 'No you don't. You think about being a bird.'"

—SHIRLEY FINBERG-SULLIVAN

"I can fly."

– JIM DENNEY

A LIFT OUT OF LIFE

He flies through the air with the greatest of ease and, as perhaps America's best ski jumper ever, Jim Denney just might come down to an Olympic medal ***by E. M. SWIFT***

A little less than two months from now, 22-year-old Jim Denney will marry his high school sweetheart, begin his final two quarters of college and prepare himself for a career as a certified public accountant. Until then, he has wings.

Denney is the best ski jumper in the U.S. Further, he is acknowledged to be the best this country has produced in the last 20 years—and perhaps the best ever, if he fulfills expectations and comes away from the Olympics with a medal. No American ski jumper has done that before.

There was a Californian named Anders Haugen who won the bronze in the combined ski jumping and cross-country competition in 1924, but it took a half century for that feat to be recognized—even by Haugen himself. In 1974 a Norwegian historian went back and recalculated the results of the 1924 Games, and Haugen was flown to Norway to collect his medal. Despite the 50-year lag time, he *still* was America's first Nordic medal winner in the Winter Games. Such is the tradition.

Denney is first among a small but promising group of young U.S. jumpers—two of his brothers, Jeff and Jon, are in the group, too—who are aiming to break that lackluster tradition, but for all their enthusiasm, most of the team is still four years away. "We never said we'd be ready by 1980," says Olympic Jumping Coach Glenn Kotlarek. "We said we had a Jim Denney that might be ready. But by 1984 we could be a world power."

The U.S. a world power in ski jumping? Quite a goal for a nation whose collective image of the sport is that of the poor fellow, limp as a rag doll, careening off a 90-meter tower and over a barrier of hay bales to heaven knows what end—the videotaped definition of "the agony of defeat."

Denney has been reminded of that sequence so often that any trace of sympathy he once held for that immortalized jumper has long since vanished. "It was a Yugoslav," he says. "He was sitting too far back, and his skis popped off the track. He should never have been allowed on the jump. That one shot on *Wide World of Sports* has

continued

Angling body and skis aerodynamically, Denney seeks to work the air—he's flying, not falling

given ski jumping a bad image. You can go through 10 meets sometimes and never see a fall."

If Denney jumps in the Olympics as he is capable of jumping, he'll go a long way toward changing that image. He does not think of ski jumping as a sport of daredevils, and the last thing he considers himself to be is a sort of Evel Knievel on skis. Denney is clean-cut, conservative, deeply religious. He doesn't drink so much as beer; doesn't smoke tobacco—or anything else; and doesn't drive as fast as he skis. Yet his purpose every time he climbs up the tower is to "land on flat ground," which in the lexicon of ski jumping means to jump beyond the slope of the hill to the outrun, where, upon touching down, one might very probably break both legs in seven places. He finds nothing incongruous about these Clark Kent/Superman aspects of his life.

"In downhill racing, the best runs are always the ones that are on the borderline between being in and out of control," Denney says. "But in ski jumping, your best jumps are the ones that you're in *total* control of."

To a spectator, it is almost beyond belief that ski jumpers are ever in total control of what they do. At the start of a run down the 90-meter jump (the 90-meters refers to the distance between the takeoff and a point 90 meters downhill, near where the slope begins to flatten out), a skier tucks himself into a crouch, arms positioned behind him, so that his center of gravity is low and rearward. As he approaches the takeoff point, he's traveling about 60 mph, and if he executes his takeoff properly, there will be no loss of speed when he becomes airborne. The lift-off motion is less of a jump than a smooth and sudden transfer of his center of gravity to someplace up and out, and—*whoosh*—he is flying, man as rocket, a perfectly immobile body making a terrific rushing noise through the air, body angled forward over the skis, mouth open, eyes wide, for 100 meters or more. The really good jumpers, the Jim Denneys, touch down reluctantly, sliding one ski forward and dipping a knee back in the classic telemark landing, arms away from the sides, finally, for balance. The others come down and embrace the snow with their skis. There is no simple way to explain the scoring of the sport—there are style points and some things called a P point, a table point and a K point—but, essentially, the longest jumper wins, if he doesn't fall. "You always work to get to the bottom of the hill," says Denney. "That's your goal every time you take off. In big competitions, if you get the longest ride, you're going to get the most style points."

The entire ride in the air lasts less than four seconds, and for every millisecond of that time, the jumper's movement must be carefully controlled, almost mathematical. The aerodynamics of ski jumping are such that the angle of the skis should point 20 degrees above the line of the flight, and the angle of the body should be 20 degrees above the skis. This ratio gives an effect that one jumper compares to sticking your hand out a car window and angling it so that the tips of the fingers are cutting through the air instead of being caught by the rush. Ski jumping is not speed and spring against gravity; the jumpers are kitelike, *riding on* air. They are seldom higher than 10 feet above the ground during the flight, and in optimum conditions a gentle wind is blowing in their faces to help keep them aloft.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER

Ironing on wax is a familiar chore for Denney, who got his first pair of jumping skis at seven

"You don't sense weightlessness," says Denney. "A double Ferris wheel—that's weightlessness. This is more like an airplane. You feel lift. You're always riding on air, working the air. You put your arms against your sides with the palms forward because you're trying to increase your surface area. That's the fun part, the flying."

Denney has flown where no American ever has: namely, to two European championships. In 1977, a year after he established himself as the top U.S. jumper at the Innsbruck Olympics, Denney became the first American to win an all-around title outside his country, by finishing first in the Norwegian Ski Week festival. Then, over the course of three weeks last winter, he finished third in the 90-meter competition at Lake Placid's pre-Olympics and won the 70-meter championship at the Salpausselka Games in Lahti, Finland—routing the competition, which included Finnish jumper Pentti Kokkonen, the top man in the world in 1979, by 25 points. "He not only

beat those guys on their own turf," says teammate Jeff Davis of Steamboat Springs, Colo., "he beat them bad. In years before, the guys on the team had the attitude that those Europeans were unbeatable. Jimmy never felt that way. And guess what — they're not."

Like Denney, Olympic Coach Kotlarek is from Duluth, which is now the unquestioned capital of ski jumping in the U.S. This is true despite the fact that you can throw a baseball from the bottom to the top of the largest hill within 50 miles of Duluth. But the locals, largely of Scandinavian descent, are resourceful souls, and Kotlarek can recall building ski jumps as a kid by piling up Christmas trees and covering them with snow. As a result, he and his friends never did much jumping until after New Year's.

"Jimmy was right on the numbers in Lahti," Kotlarek says. "Somebody would have had to jump off the wall to beat him that day. When he's on, he's like that. A machine. Believe me, in this sport, all the Europeans take him only too seriously."

Coach Kotlarek checks Denney's form as he coils his 5′ 7″ and 150 pounds into pre-jump position.

After years of domination by Norway and Finland, ski jumping is in a state of flux. Denney has no clear favorite to beat, nor is there a country that's currently preeminent in the sport—although East Germany is strong. In Olympic 70-meter and 90-meter competitions since 1964, the eight gold medals have been won by eight different countries: Norway, Russia, Poland, Austria, Finland, Czechoslovakia, Japan and East Germany. Given a certain familiarity with the hill and the advantage of being surrounded by friends and American food, Denney has as good a shot at the gold as any of a dozen jumpers—though the pressure of being the host-country favorite could work against him. There is something about an uptight body that the air will not tolerate or carry. "If none of us did anything in Placid," says Davis, "it would really be a big setback, not just for Jimmy but for the whole jumping program. But Jimmy doesn't feel pressure. He just doesn't let it bother him. A lot of us go up the hill and try to beat somebody and end up beating ourselves. He just tries to ski his best every time. That's where he's way ahead of us—in the mental department. Athletically, he's not super gifted, but I think his understanding of ski jumping is gifted. He's made himself good by training hard and working at understanding the sport."

"It's funny," says Kotlarek. "Today Jimmy's the ambassador of the sport in this country. But four years ago he was the quiet kid who sat in the corner and was ridiculed for having a weird training regimen."

That regimen is the creation of Shirley Finberg-Sullivan, a 4′ 10¼″ dynamo. It has another name: ballet.

Finberg-Sullivan is a ballet instructor who minors in training athletes like ski jumpers and scullers, and if you care to argue, she can quote you chapter and verse as to why ballet dancers are the finest-conditioned athletes in the world. If you're still not convinced, ask Denney. "That's tough stuff, don't let anybody fool you," he says. "Ballet dancers work harder than any athletes."

Shirley's son was a ski jumper, and she used to go over to Chester Park in Duluth, which is where Jim, Jeff and Jon Denney got their starts at the age of four. Chester Park has four permanent jumps built on the side of a bowl—Bunny Ears and Rabbit Ears and Big and Little Chester—and landing on "flat ground" off rickety old Big Chester, which is a 45-meter jump, means setting down on the frozen pond at the foot of the bowl. Every winter day after school, the Denneys jumped there. And every weekend. And three nights a week under the lights.

"When I was a little kid there were probably 75-100 jumpers in our group at Chester Park alone," recalls Jeff, who, at 21, is a year younger than Jim and two years older than Jon. "But then Alpine skiing and hockey drew some kids away, so that by the time we were 10 or 11 it got pretty lean."

Jim had his first jumping skis by the age of seven, was flying off Big Chester at nine and entered his first national competition at 10, which is when Kotlarek got a glimpse of him. "Even when Jim was 10, 11, 12 years old," says Kotlarek, "he went off the jump with something special, he didn't go off like other kids."

For one thing, he had no fear. Denney believes there is no such thing as a natural-born jumper, but after a certain age, when defense mechanisms have had a chance to be rooted, one is unable to pick up the sport with any degree of success. Denney has jumped so long that he cannot remember his first jump any more than he can remember his first step. "There are no natural jumpers, because what they do is so

continued

unnatural," says Finberg-Sullivan. "It's a sport you can't *make* somebody do. I consider it an art form. You need rhythm, flexibility, agility, intelligence and creativity, because every jumper has to create his own style."

Spoken like a true artiste. A friend of the Denney family, Finberg-Sullivan tried for two years to get the boys to train under her, but it wasn't until Jim developed shin splints from running that he and his brothers agreed to try ballet. That was in 1975, the season Jim made the Olympic team.

"Jumpers have always just exercised their jumping muscles, so their supporting muscles are 'blehhhhk,' " Finberg-Sullivan says. "Ballet conditions all the muscles. Weightlifting and jumping give you short, taut muscles, but they have to be long and flexible to jump. How do you think dancers jump so high and far? It's a rhythm that starts at the soles of the feet and goes all the way through the body."

Before long the Denneys were rising early and doing their bar exercises between six and nine in the morning with something approaching religious zeal. "The secret of training is to enjoy it as much as you enjoy the sport," Finberg-Sullivan says. "Training *is* the sport."

Because, as Finberg-Sullivan puts it, with music you are never alone, the Denneys worked out with a tape playing in the background—first rock bands, later classical music. Strauss was a favorite, as was Grieg's *Norwegian Dances.* And while they exercised their bodies, their dance instructor went to work on their minds.

"You can complicate ski jumping to the point of no return," Finberg-Sullivan says. "I don't believe in that. I believe you can develop a mental process in which you can tell yourself exactly where you want to land, do the whole ride in your head before you go down, and then go do it. You shouldn't be thinking, 'I've got to jump 10 extra meters to beat that guy.' You jump against yourself. You do the very best you can, and you've won. You can instill a calmness in young men and young girls. I've always tried to teach my athletes calmness of thinking."

When, as the youngest member of the 1976 Olympic team, Denney took his ballet routine on the road, he got no small amount of flak from his teammates. Because *Norwegian Dances* is better background for exercising than for, say, sleeping, Kotlarek tried to assign Denney to a single room as often as possible, so he could train without waking a roommate—a practice that backfired on at least one occasion, when he put Denney in a room on the floor above the rest of the team. At 6 a.m. Kotlarek was shaken awake by the bounding from on high, and he had to climb the stairs and trade rooms with his young star.

"He took a lot of ridicule from the kids on the team about the ballet," Kotlarek says, "but I attribute Jim's success to Shirley. She taught those boys self-awareness, and she taught them discipline. She wouldn't let them quit. They'd do things that looked perfect, but they wouldn't be perfect enough for Shirley."

The ridicule stopped at Innsbruck, when Denney was the top U.S. finisher in both the 70-meter and 90-meter jumps, placing 21st and 18th, respectively. "I don't think he even knew where he was," says Kotlarek. "His whole day was regimented, so that he got up and did this and this and this in order. Even back then, we were preparing for 1980, so there was no pressure."

In the fall of 1977, Kotlarek hired a Finnish jumping coach, Pentti Ranta, to work with the U.S. team, and persuaded the Denneys to abandon Shirley's workouts and train with Ranta. Using weights while continuing to stress flexibility, Denney increased his strength-to-body-weight ratio significantly, so that now, at 5′ 7″ and 150 pounds, he can squat-thrust 2½ times his own weight and broad-jump 10′ 2″ from a standing position. "Physically, these guys are in as good or better shape than any jumpers in the world," says Ranta, a patient, bearlike man who believes the only fall a jumper truly must fear is falling in love. "Technically, we're still working. It's all final tuning from here."

It is a relaxed process. The calmness that Finberg-Sullivan instilled in him has stuck, and the boy-faced Denney comports himself as if he has a perpetual Strauss waltz humming in his ears. "An Olympic medal isn't the biggest thing in my life, anyway," says Denney. "You've got to be a little more stable about things than to flow with the ups and downs of whether you win or not. There's so much chance involved. In the 90-meter jump at Sapporo in 1972, there was a 10th of a point between each of the first four places. Four-tenths of a point between a gold and a pat on the back. That's less than a meter or maybe even half a meter per jump."

Spoken like a true accountant. But if a medal isn't the most important thing in Denney's life, it most certainly is for the life, health and happiness of U.S. ski jumping. "When I came into this office in 1975," says John Bower, the head of the U.S. Nordic Ski program, "there were a lot of people ready to bury the sport of jumping. Had I said, 'We can't be competitive, let's drop it,' I'd have had no argument from the trustees. But I'm encouraged now because you're starting to see some excitement at the grass-roots level."

No one is fooling himself into thinking that ski jumping will ever achieve broad popularity as a recreational sport, but as the U.S. speed skaters have proved, a small base can still produce top international athletes. "The problem with our program now is that it's synthetic at the top," says Kotlarek. "In other sports the cream has time to rise to the top, but we have to select our best very early on and train them. Our guys are highly trained athletes, not natural ones. But the fire is starting to burn a little bit hotter now, and if Jimmy were to win a medal, it would really take off.

"The thing with the speed skaters is that they've made the size of their group work for them. The skaters may be small in number, but they're all top competitors. From day one, all a skater knows about is excelling, because who does he or she look to? Eric Heiden or Sheila Young, who are the best in the world. Royalty begets royalty. Ski jumping has always been a poor man's sport over here."

What it lacks, then, is a King of the Mountain. Jim Denney, from the time you first climbed up Bunny Ears, a nation and a sport have awaited your flight. END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

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Triumph shakes up the "low tars" with taste, and a lot less tar.

Don't let them fool you any more. Today's low tar with taste is not an 8 mg tar (like Merit) or an 11 (like Vantage) or a 12 (like Marlboro Lights). And it's certainly not a Carlton at 1 (which doesn't even claim to have taste).

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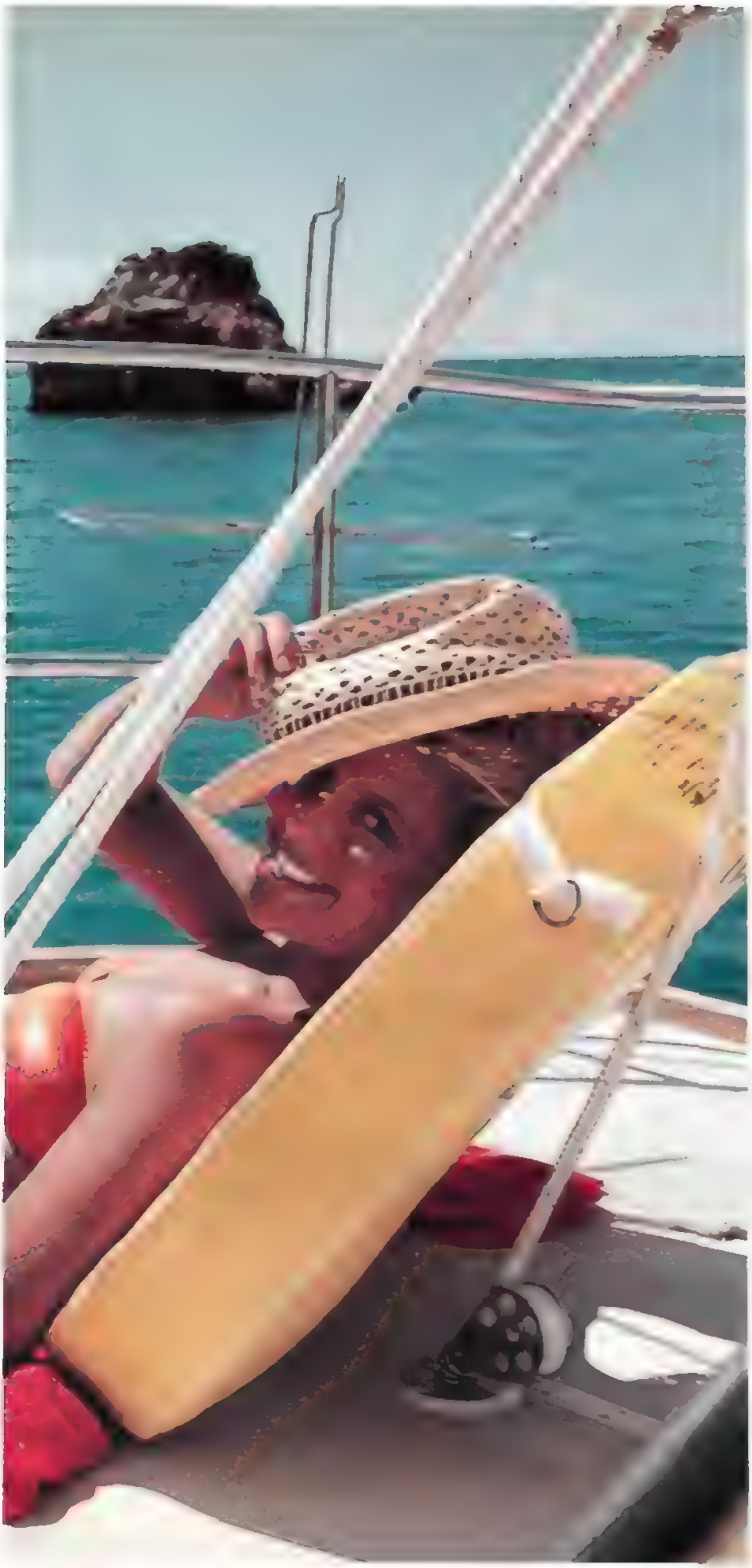


Taking It easy Where It's Breezy

Glittering in the Caribbean sun, the British Virgin Islands offer a haven for winter-ravaged sailors and sun worshipers. Here, where buccaneers once sailed, a constant trade wind entices weekend salts to cast off the lines and set out in search of hidden coves, caves and cays. They might also discover unexpected treasure: the latest in swimwear. To your left, Christie Brinkley has a long, cool one in the lee of the Indians, a rocky outcropping off Tortola, in her barely-there bikini—aptly named "the half-moon"—by Norma Kamali for OMO ($45). "Many customers asked for suits that would leave as few strap marks as possible," says the designer. Another Kamali bikini decorates the cover ($40).

—JULE CAMPBELL

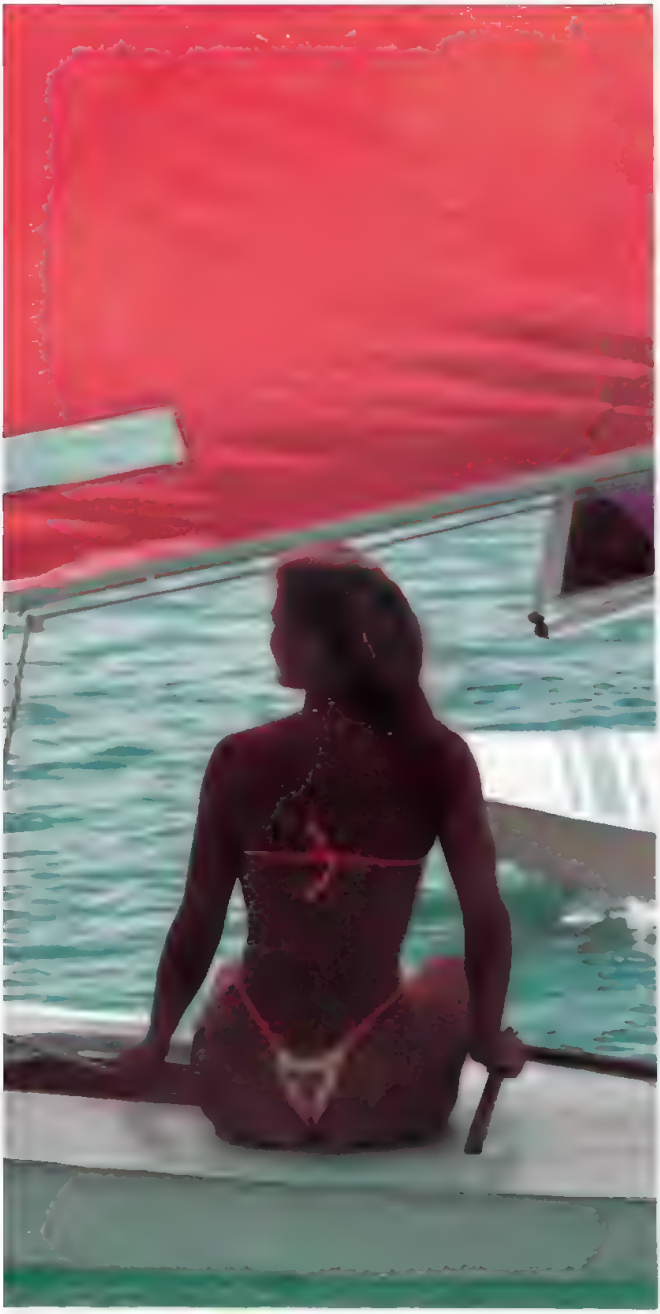
Photographs by
John G. Zimmerman

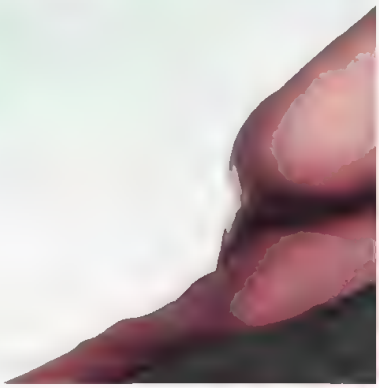
CONTINUED

Christie has a nautical look as she stands watch by the dawn's early light in a cotton singlet, bikini bottom and snappy suspenders, all by Norma Kamali for OMO ($35)

Bathed in pale sunlight after a tropical storm has passed, Ca Gelas menina emerges from the translucent waters off Virgin Gorda in a side-wrapped T-shirt and Lycra suit from Monika Tilley for Etam (S49).

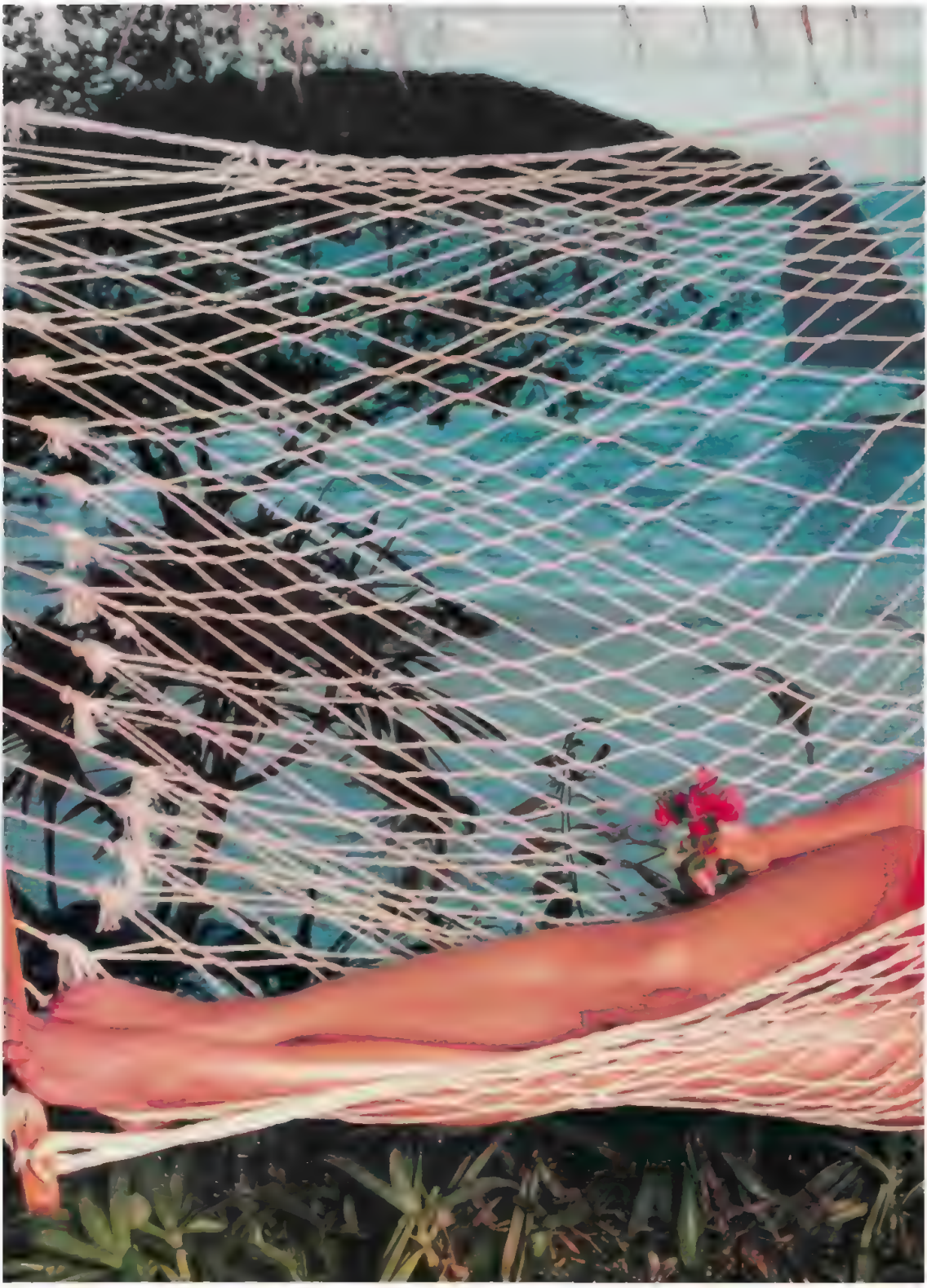
Spinnaker flying, she's a fine way to get dressed for a day's action at Virgin Gorda's Bitter End Yacht Club in a T-back Lycra maillot that echoes a spinnaker's pattern. It's also by Monika Tilley for Etam (S48).





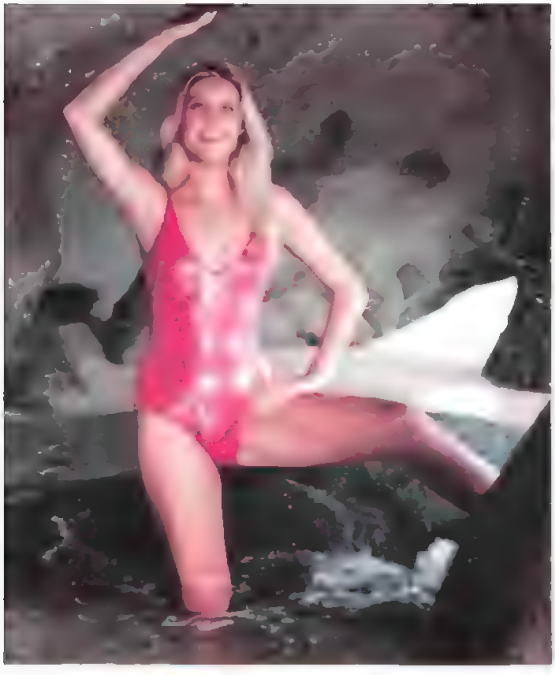
Tanning on her Sunfish, Christie gets a maximum tan in a very minimum cotton bikini from Betsey Johnson ($40). The Day Glo straps give Christie added visibility—as if she needs it.

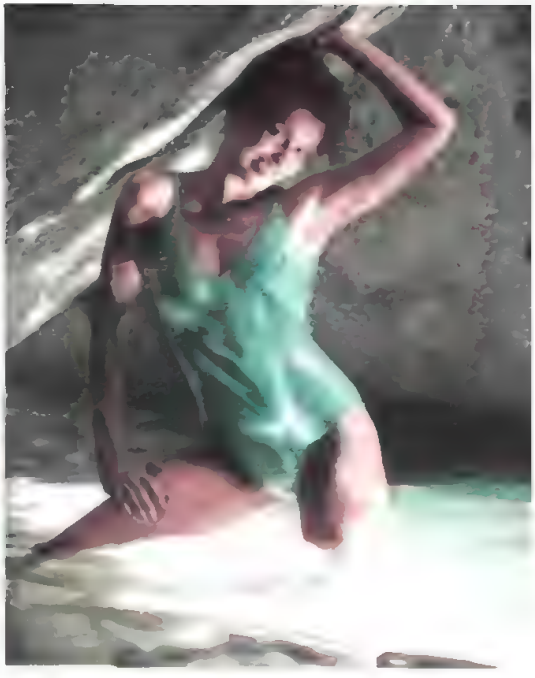
Irina takes a break from the sun on a cool, wind-and-wave-worn shelf at The Baths, a collection of enormous sculptured boulders on Virgin Gorda. Her bikini is by Kamali for OMO ($45)



Like a firefly at dusk Christie Heft, glows on Virgin Gorda. Her Lycra swimsuit sheathed in clear sequins is by Leah Gottlieb for Gottex ($120)

At the Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour Jocelyn Javits (right) reflects by poolside in her diagonally divided Lycra suit from Gottex ($46)





A tropical night, promising rendezvous. Jasmine in the air. H.M.S. Ambuscade ablaze in Road Harbour. The diesels of Captain Dalhurst John's Bertram thrumming. Jocelyn aglitter in Gottex sequins. Meanwhile

THE LOW-KEY ISLANDS

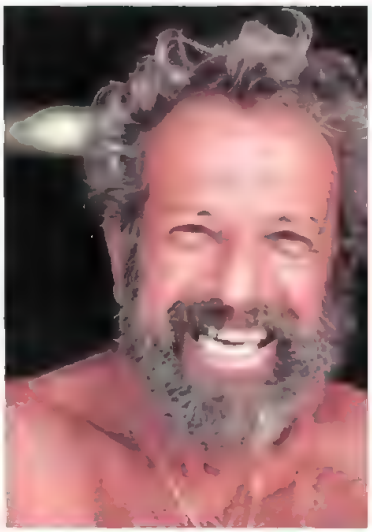
From the highest peak to the ocean depths the British Virgins are an amiable archipelago

by **ROBERT F. JONES**

Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low.
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago

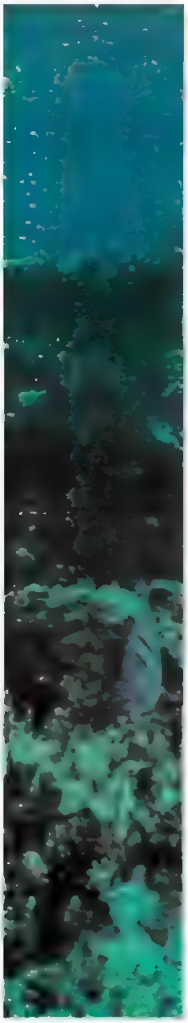
–SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

If Sir Francis Drake "quit the port o' heaven" today and sailed forth into the channel that bears his name in the British Virgin Islands, he would probably find himself in more peril than ever he faced from those 16th-century Spanish Dons whose beards he so gleefully singed. The danger would stem from the dubious seamanship and cocktail hour bravado of the myriad "bareboats"—yachts chartered without crew—that cruise those waters. The rent-a-boats that make the BVI a favored rendezvous of latter-day Drakes have a tendency to collide, run aground, continued



Some high- and low- spots in the BVI (clockwise from upper left): a diver explores the stern section of the wreck of the Rhone off Tortola; a boat rides at anchor in the setting sun; botanist John Smith knows every bit of flora on Mount Sage; at the CSY dock bareboats await customers; diver Bert Kilbride is a latter day Poseidon.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN J. KEELER/ARMSTRONG



exhaust their batteries and, sometimes, imperil old ladies.

"We had a hell of a flap the other day," says Rick Brendlinger, a crusty young salt who serves as assistant manager for Caribbean Sailing Yachts Ltd., one of the islands' top bareboat outfitters. "Old gal got spiffed and locked herself in the head. Her pals weren't much better off. There was screaming and yapping like to raise the loombies—that's ghosts in island lingo. I finally had to go down through a hatch in the overhead to set her loose."

One recent morning early risers at The Bitter End, a popular anchorage on Virgin Gorda, an island at the far eastern reach of the BVI, were appalled (or amused, depending on the extent of their nautical know-how) as they watched a 44-foot ketch, in the lightest of breezes, go aground on the resort's sandy beach. While all hands on board performed the legendary Chinese fire drill, it seems that the auxiliary engine had somehow run out of fuel—and no one thought to use the sails. No harm done, though. The yacht got a handy tow from a passing outboard-powered punt and was soon luffing gently out to sea, the clink of ice cubes and the glint of pre-breakfast Bloody Marys enlivening the morn.

As the increasingly crowded waters of Sir Francis Drake Channel attest, the BVI are attracting more and more visitors every year. The reason, as the rest of the Caribbean grows either too slick with new high-rise hotels and condos sprouting like piles of guano along the once deserted beaches or too political (witness the hooliganism and murder in the U.S. Virgins, the big ports of the Bahamas, and Jamaica), the BVI stay small, low-key and perfectly happy to remain

It's clear why the Dick Reads' shop is called The Ample Hamper.

Were the bareboaters at The Baths just there by coincidence or iceberg?

a British Dependency, though, oddly, the U.S. dollar is the basic unit of currency in the islands.

The primary pastime, of course, is sailing. The islands—some 50 of them, with only 11,000 inhabitants—flank the five-mile-wide channel in tidy clusters with plenty of safe anchorages and few bottom-cracking reefs. Only Anegada in the far northeast is truly treacherous. More than 200 ships have foundered on her coral fangs, and the bareboat charter outfits do not permit their clients to sail those waters. (Anegada means "overflowed" in Spanish; it was thus named by Columbus when he cruised the islands in 1493.) What with the northeast trade winds blowing virtually year-round, a dead calm is as rare as a blizzard in the BVI. More than 200 sailing yachts are available for charter here, and any day, winter or summer, most of them will be at sea.

"We have 70 boats altogether," says CSY's Brendlinger, "and there are only about a dozen lying idle in port at any one time. January through May is the real sailing season. That's when the true sailors come down. Hell, the rest of the year they're sailing back at home."

On a Sunday afternoon when the new charters are faring forth, the scene at a bareboat dock is one of sheer chaos. Most vessels will already have been provisioned by the charter company—whether CSY, The Moorings (which rents some 80 boats from its new docking complex), West Indies Yacht or whomever—but more and more sailors do their own shopping. Pallid men and women, some already pinking up toward the inevitable lobster burn, stagger along the docks, laden with duffle, chow, grog and gear, now and then

a spear gun bristles dangerously, or a half-gallon jug of rum goes crashing to the concrete deck. All crews have sat through an hour-long navigational and piloting session, learning the danger spots and the good anchorages. Unfortunately, many of the sailors wear the glassy gaze of the jet-lagged, and one wonders how much of that detail sinks in.

Brendlinger shrugs off the potential hazard. "These boats are virtually unsinkable," he says, thumping the gunwale of a 44-foot CSY ketch (Caribbean Sailing Yachts rents 33-, 37- and 44-footers, all built under the company's own aegis and bearing the designations CSY 33, CSY 37 and CSY 44). "Watertight compartments below the waterline and plenty of ballast—you'd have to heel one over on her beam ends and run aground at full speed to put a bad hole in her." CSY, along with the other bareboat outfits, won't rent to an inexperienced skipper; it relies on the truthfulness of the renter to determine just how skilled a sailor he is. "So far we haven't lost a boat or a customer," says Brendlinger.

Once aboard, the crew can set sail for anywhere in the BVI except Anegada, and there are more fine places to visit in these islands than a year's charter could exhaust. Tiny, empty half-moon bays where bareboating can live up to its other meaning; crowded resort anchorages where one can dress for dinner ashore or take a welcome freshwater shower ($2.50 at The Bitter End, for example). In between lies the BVI's other great allure, the underwater world of reefs and wrecks found off the shores of the smaller islands—Salt, Cooper and Norman Islands near Tortola; Eustatia, Prickly Pear and the Dog Islands near Virgin Gorda.

Tortola, with some 9,000 inhabitants, is the largest and most populous of the British Virgins. (Columbus named the entire group for St. Ursula and her 11,000 virgin companions, who, according to legend, were martyred in Cologne in the fourth century by the Huns.) Tortola means turtle dove in Spanish, and plenty of those sporty, reddish-hued wild pigeons still remain, preyed on only by migratory hawks because no hunting is allowed. As for the dove-gentle aboriginal residents of the islands, the Arawaks, shortly before Columbus' arrival they fell victim to a hawk-like invasion of cannibalistic Carib Indians, who in turn were slaughtered or sent to their deaths in slavery by the Spanish conquistadors. According to the early literature, Indians made poor slaves; they either escaped or pined away to starvation and death. Thus the turn in the sixteenth century to Africa for hardy, obedient chattels, who were the ancestors of most of the BVI's current permanent residents.

The early Europeans in these islands mixed plenty of blood and gunpowder in the pellucid waters. England, Spain, France and the Netherlands battled back and forth for dominance of the West Indies. Buccaneers, pirates, wreckers and privateers used the hidden harbors as ambush points to attack the slow cargo and plate convoys that passed through Drake Channel from the Caribbean to the Atlantic. One small islet off Tortola bears the name Dead Man's Chest. It was here, runs the tale, that William Teach—Blackbeard the Pirate—marooned part of his crew with nothing but a cask of gold and plenty of rum. When Teach returned, the rum was gone, the men dead, and the gold nowhere to be seen. It hasn't been found since, despite magnetometers and avid searching. Yo, ho, ho, and a bottle of Perrier.

Road Town, with a population of 4,500, the closest thing to a city that the BVI can muster, is the hub of sailing activity in the islands. Here all the big charter outfits are headquartered, along with a handful of low-rise and low-key resort hotels (*page 59*) and concomitant support facilities—boatyards, outboard repair shops, car rental agencies; a delightful bookstore in the old town called Past & Presents, and, most delightful of all for the charter party that wants to do its own provisioning, The Ample Hamper.

Opened only three years ago by an English couple, Robert and Sally Dick-Read, The Ample Hamper has won over so many sailors to self-provisioning that the Dick-Reads now have two outlets in Road Town, one in the Village Cay Marina and the other at The Moorings. Fresh fruit, veggies, eggs and milk are supplemented by home-baked bread and costly but decent meats. That's for starters. In the mood for some Subahdar Lime Pickle? Fortnum & Mason's jams? How about pepperoni, Dutch cheeses or Vermont General Store Stoneground Wholegrain Wheat Flour? A box of fine Uppmann cigars from Castroland? Or would you rather a taste of Callard & Bowser's Old English Treacle Brittle? The Ample Hamper has them all, plus a stock of potables ranging from British Navy Pusser's Rum to Dom Perignon.

Robert Dick-Read, a photographer and African art aficionado before his transmogrification to BVI bareboat outfitter, and Sally, who once edited the British fashion magazine *She*, came to the islands 15 years ago, long before the bareboat business made the British Virgins a mainsail Mecca. "The bareboats were heaven-sent," says Robert. "We loved these islands but we were struggling—a car rental agency for a while, a bit of this and a bit of that. Then we hit on the self-provisioning idea—and bingo! Excuse me, please, there's a clamor from the customers who want to catch the outgoing tide. . . ."

For the non-nautical visitor, there is still plenty to see and do on Tortola: snorkeling, scuba diving, deep-sea fishing, beachcombing. Olympic yachtsman Steve Colgate runs his Offshore Sailing School out of the Treasure Isle Hotel in Road Town, and under the tutelage of the school's instructors, Dick Illmer and Peter Johannet, even the lowliest landlubber can learn to day-sail. The school uses 27-foot Olympic-class Solings as its primary teaching boats, and a week of morning classroom sessions and afternoons spent practicing in Solings on the breezy reaches of Road Harbour is excellent preparation for sailing bigger vessels and going on longer, deep-water cruises. My three-hour stint as a crewmember aboard one of Colgate's boats was more fun than I've had since the cow kicked over the outhouse: I simply couldn't capsize the thing, hard as I tried.

But the high point of Tortola, at least for the amateur natural historian, is literally the high point: 1,780-foot Mount Sage, the tallest peak in the BVI. Once a week John Smith, the estate manager of the Treasure Isle Hotel, leads a hike up the mountain and into the last remaining vestige of virgin rain forest in the BVI—a 50-acre parcel of beauty that few yachtsmen ever see. Smith, an Englishman who studied botany at Cambridge and Zurich, is a short, wiry plant lover with a special interest in island flora. At sea level he seems

continued

preoccupied and humorless; put him in his beloved patch of rain forest and he is all smiles, wit and information.

The road up Mount Sage is rutted, potholed and washed out in spots by recent heavy rains, but Smith pilots his Land Rover deftly through the stickiest spots. From a meadow near the peak where a chilly wind whips the grass in waves, you can look out over the entire spread of the BVI; on a clear day even Anegada, 30 miles distant, is visible. The sea is spiked with white sails—there must be 200 boats coursing up and down Drake Channel. To the north and far below lies the white-sand crescent of Cane Garden Bay, one of Tortola's best beaches. A few boats are anchored just offshore.

"The trail's a bit muddy from the rains," says Smith, leading the way to the top of the mountain. It's not a tough hike, because Smith stops at every other bush and weed to indicate something of botanical interest. "This is the so-called 'mammy apple,' " he says, pointing to a tree with shiny, elliptic leaves and handball-sized fruits just beginning to form. "*Mammea americana.* The fruit gets as big as a cannonball. It's apricot colored and very tasty. Down in Martinique they make Crème de Creole out of it."

Smith says that there are at least two dozen plants native to the BVI that are familiar house plants up north—peperomia, philodendron and dieffenbachia, among others. He points out a philodendron that stands a good 40 feet tall. "The Germans used dieffenbachia extracts for their sterilization experiments during Hitler's time," he adds. "If you chew a leaf of this plant, it causes temporary paralysis of the jaw." We stop to sniff the crushed leaves of *Pimenta racemosa*—"Bay rum," says Smith. "Before 1940, all the world's supply of bay rum came from this island group."

We pass through a gate with a sign that reads NO SMOKING OR LITTERING and enter the rain forest proper. Up to now we've been in second growth. The trees are thick-trunked, smooth-barked, looped and intertwined with one another and with a living webwork of vines. Parasitic bromeliads sprout from convenient crotches. A dim, greenish light barely penetrates the upper canopy of foliage. Great granitoid boulders stud the mountaintop—one reason the area was never logged off. "When the first Europeans arrived," Smith says, "this rain forest covered the island from 200 meters elevation to the top. Axes and saws took care of most of it in short order. The first settlers must have been awed by the rain forest—it was eerie, beyond their experience. Then, too, they needed open land to grow sugarcane."

For the next hour, as the sun sloped over nearby Jost Van Dyke Island (pop. 130), Smith enthuses over one plant after another. Here a reptilian-looking, ridged-leaf plant called *Miconia laevigata*; there the rare *Ilex urbanii*, a member of the holly family of which only 12 examples can be found, on Tortola and Puerto Rico, 60 miles to the west, which were one island during the low-water period of the last glacier. At one point, Smith begins clambering up a thick, rough-barked vine that looks like something Tarzan might favor. "This is pitch apple," he says. "*Clusia rosea.* It's a true strangling plant—climbs up its host, kills it, then uses its victim's trunk as a kind of skeleton to keep itself up near the light. The pitch can be used to caulk boats, and you can write on its leaves." He makes indelible marks with a stick on a big, oval leaf. "The Spaniards called it the autograph tree. They used to play cards with its leaves."

After the ancient silence of the rain forest, Road Town seemed honky-tonk—all bright lights, taxi horns and the ubiquitous steel bands. It would be good to shove off tomorrow for the less populous island of Virgin Gorda.

Where Tortola is bustling and British in tone, Virgin Gorda—named "the Fat Virgin" by Columbus for its resemblance to a plump, reclining girl—is slow, sprawling and laid-back. Gorda has a population of barely 1,000, and the road that connects the hamlet of Spanish Town at the southwest end to the North Sound resorts in the northeast was built only 17 years ago. A big new marina and shopping complex near Spanish Town makes it a hot spot for bareboaters, but the real attraction at that end of the island is the area known as The Baths, a jumble of house-sized, sea-and-wind-sculpted boulders interlaced with caves, grottoes and echoing labyrinths. The Baths consist of stone alien to the Virgins, but identical to that found in the Carolinas on the U.S. East Coast, leading some geologists to speculate that during the breakup of the last glaciation a huge iceberg covered with such rocks

broke loose and drifted south, melting finally when it ran aground on Virgin Gorda. Others theorize that the rocks were spewed by volcanic action. Whatever the reason, the results are striking. Snorkeling among the submerged rocks is like swimming among Poseidon's building blocks.

And if you go scuba diving in the coralline underwater world that surrounds Virgin Gorda, you'll probably meet Poseidon himself—or at least his latter-day lookalike, Bert Kilbride. A scuba veteran of more than 30 years' experience, Kilbride at 65 is a lean, dark, saturnine man with a frizzy beard and a penchant for gold jewelry retrieved from the sea. Bert's home and dive-shop are on Saba Rock, a coral outcropping grown with cactus that lies just off the beach of The Bitter End, a resort on Gorda's North Sound. From here Kilbride runs his 40-foot dive boat, *Shah*, to the rocks, reefs and wrecks that make the area one of the most varied grounds for underwater exploration in the Caribbean. His slogan is "Dive With Pride with Bert Kilbride," and it decorates T-shirts he sells that show a tiny scuba diver confronting a huge shark. The diver is gesturing to the shark and his message is far from polite.

Bert's home on Saba Rock is comfortably cluttered with memorabilia from his long diving career, many of the items taken from the wreck of the Royal Mail Steamer *Rhone*, which, on Oct. 29, 1867, went aground off Salt Island during a hurricane. "She was the newest and finest vessel in the Royal Mail fleet," Bert says, "a spanking 310-footer under the command of a Captain Wooley. They were loading for their return to Southampton that day when the barometer began to fall. Everyone figured it was too late in the season for a hurricane—it must be a norther, which they reckoned they could weather. Then, at 1100, the glass fell flat—down to 27.95—and a big wind blew up, ripping away a spar that killed the first officer. When the wind abated at 15 minutes past noon, Wooley decided to run out to sea and gain some maneuvering room.

"The second blast hit the *Rhone* just as she turned the corner at Salt Island. She would have been home free in another couple of hundred yards. Anyway, she broke up instantly on the rocks and sank in three pieces. There were 129 officers and crew aboard, as well as 16 passengers. All but 21 of the ship's company died, and the only passenger to pull through was a little Italian who spent six hours in the water."

Among his mementos, Bert counts the skull of the ship's carpenter. "His name was Steve Kenyon," he says. "We found his name on this snuffbox right with the skull." Other salvage includes His-and-Hers chamber pots ("Hers is bigger") and ironware table service for 16 persons bearing the Royal Mail company seal.

"I've been diving on her since 1958," Kilbride says. "They shot a lot of the wreck-diving footage for the movie *The Deep* in the hold of the *Rhone*. But you'll see for yourself tomorrow morning."

Bert wouldn't be able to guide me personally on the *Rhone* dive. He had an engagement with the Chief Minister, from whom he was seeking permission to salvage the wreck of an early 16th-century Spanish vessel he'd found on Anegada. My fate among the morays would be in the hands of his 26-year-old son, Jim, and Jim's diminutive girl friend, Francine Buckell. Jim is a short, peppery extrovert who "grooves" on the underwater scene. He emits groans of delight as he swims through a tentacled clump of slippery-soft gorgonians, and chirps gleefully through his regulator at the sight of a pair of spotted eagle rays flapping in slow-motion formation over a bed of staghorn corals. Francine, who weighs only 90 pounds and looks like a short-haired Veronica Lake, is more reserved and enjoys giving orders to the divers in a harsh, British drill sergeant's voice.

A heavy swell was running from the southwest when the *Shah* dropped anchor over the *Rhone* wreck, sending swirls of foam whorling over the rocks that took the packet's life, but 10 feet underwater all was calm. I followed Francine headfirst down the anchor line. Squadrons of fish greeted us at the bottom, looking for a handout: angels, parrots, trumpetfish, spadefish and a five-foot-long, baleful-eyed barracuda that the Kilbrides call Fang. We were at 75 feet and had no time for feeding them. Angling off to her right, Francine swam through a huge, upright framework of stanchions. Encrusted in gaudy corals, it resembled a Greek portico or perhaps a giant's bedstead. Then down, down into the gaping blue-black hole that led to the *Rhone*'s ruptured hold. The sharp lines of a man-made structure in the midst of the

continued

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sea's random array of forms, all of it covered in reds and yellows and blues and greens of coral, put me in mind of lines from Shelley's *Ode to the West Wind*:

And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!

In the dark of the hold, something moved. Francine whooped through her regulator and grabbed for it—a hawksbill turtle. As her hands closed on the rim of its two-foot-wide shell, the turtle bolted back the way we had come, carrying Francine along until it crashed blindly into an upright stanchion. Then, with a clank and a cloud of gray marl, the turtle slipped loose and disappeared. Emerging from the hole, we slid down one sloping side of the ship, angling past corroded portholes that yawned at us with coral teeth, to a cannon that lay pinned under the wreckage. I peered into the muzzle. Three shrimp squirted out.

We prowled around and through the wreck for the better part of half an hour. The eerie green gloom reminded me of the rain forest I had visited on Mount Sage. Odd that, to my mind, the two most compelling places in the entire BVI should be the mountaintop and the deep. By contrast, the nodding palms, the powdered-sugar beaches, even the million-dollar yachts heeling along with bones in their teeth appeared workaday, banal.

I would dive again with the Kilbride Gang, but in shallower water and through less stirring scenery. I would snorkel around the strange rocks of The Baths, and in the caves at Norman Island, feeding bread crumbs to fleets of voracious sergeant-majors; I would explore the Indians, pinnacles that rise 50 feet above the sea and descend as far below into the rocky shoals across the way from Road Town. I would check out the other resort hotels on the islands and even spend an amusing half hour at the Tortola dump where huge pigs root in the smoking rubble while pelicans dive-bomb the shallows offshore. But the high point and the low point—the mountain and the wreck—would remain for me the essence of those easy islands. END

JONES' GUIDE TO BVI HOTELS

For those visitors who don't care to spend their time on either a bareboat or a crewed charter, the British Virgin Islands offer plenty of first-rate resort hotels, each with its special ambience. Herewith some observations from Robert F. Jones.

TREASURE ISLE HOTEL on Tortola is a neat, efficiently run hospice that offers a saltwater pool, its own dock, a courteous staff, a steel band on Wednesday nights and—most important—a central location that puts it within easy walking distance of Road Town. Botanist John Smith, the hotel's estate manager, conducts weekly hikes in the rain forest on Mount Sage. On request, Manager Peter Wimbush and his staff will arrange activities like day sailing and snorkeling expeditions. A tennis court is also available. Double room in season, $70.

SUGAR MILL ESTATE, near Tortola's west end, is precisely that: an old sugar mill affable owner Len Kushins, a retired New Yorker, and his British wife, Joan, have turned into a 21-room hotel. The old mill walls, many of them studded with ballast bricks and brain corals, are bright with the Haitian paintings Kushins collects and sells. The cook, Mrs. Scatliffe, has a fine hand with everything from grouper to chicken Veronique. Quiet and convivial, though remote. Double, $52-58.

SMUGGLER'S COVE HOTEL fronts on Tortola's prettiest half-moon beach, but is reachable only by a tortuous, pot-holed road. The place is out-of-the-way, somewhat run-down and was plagued with mosquitoes when I visited. "It's all that rain we've been having," said Mrs. Nell Denniston, who with her husband, Bob, an avid ham radio buff, operates the hotel. There's a good snorkeling reef offshore and plenty of seclusion, at least from people. A restaurant is available. Double, $43-48.

THE BITTER END YACHT CLUB, accessible only by yacht or motor launch from Gun Creek Landing at the northeast end of Virgin Gorda, is virtually a community unto itself. Its cool, breezy cottages overlook one of the BVI's busiest bareboat ports of call. An excellent kitchen offers fresh grouper and lobster, orange juice and champagne is a regular breakfast libation. Managers Don and Janis Neal run a taut but friendly ship stop. Double: $160 with meals.

BIRAS CREEK HOTEL, just around the corner from The Bitter End, perches atop a narrow neck of land with a coral-studded, surf-lashed beach on one side and a sheltered harbor to leeward. The architecture is Hamlet Modern—manager Jorgen Thonning is a Dane—and despite its setting, the place has a chilly feel about it. Tennis courts, a network of walkways through some superb plant-and-bird-watching country, and an excellent kitchen help to thaw the chill. Double, $185 with meals.

FISCHER'S COVE BEACH HOTEL, just outside of Spanish Town at the west end of Virgin Gorda, is run by Andy and Norma Flax, who cater to a family clientele. A lagoon protected by a reef offers safe paddling for the kiddies. Convenient to both airport and town. Two-bedroom house with kitchenette, $420 a week or $90 a day.

OLDE YARD INN, near Spanish Town, has no pool, no beach and no sailboats. But it does have a library that, for a book lover at least, renders the sun almost unnecessary. Owners Ellen and Joseph Devine are bibliophiles, and their collection includes complete hardcover editions of Dickens and Austen, lots of Conrad, and Nordhoff & Hall, as well as history and other nonfiction. Backgammon and chess boards round out the atmosphere. The food is first-rate. Double, $75-95, includes breakfast and dinner.

PETER ISLAND HOTEL AND YACHT HARBOUR, a 545-acre complex on a small isle across Drake Channel from Road Town, likes to advertise that it offers "nothing," i.e., a true vacation. That "nothing" includes the customary sailing, snorkeling and beachcombing, plus horseback riding or walking on miles of lonely trails, an abundance of bird and animal life and a ferry service that runs six times a day to Road Town. General Manager Bruce Baxter collects tropical birds, and his parrots, cockatoos and the like are displayed in floor-to-ceiling cages. The food rates with the best in the islands. Double, $210 with meals.

by William F. Reed

They didn't wait for Lefty

When Maryland's Driesell downplayed Turk Tillman and Bill Bryant, they quit

A sign in the Eastern Kentucky student section read, DIE, YOU GRAVY-SUCKING PIGS, but early in the second half the Western Kentucky Hilltoppers, out of Bowling Green, looked very much alive. Thanks mainly to Guard Billy Bryant, a transfer from Maryland, Western had a 56–55 lead last Saturday over its bitter rival from Richmond, across the state. The 6′ 5″ Bryant was scoring, passing and rebounding as if he were Oscar Robertson. Obviously he had to be stopped, so during a time-out Eastern Coach Ed Byhre looked at James (Turk) Tillman and said, "O.K., from now on you guard him."

The switch of assignments caused a ripple of surprise in Eastern's Alumni Coliseum because the 6′ 4″ Tillman is known for his scoring, not his defense. He had been the nation's leading scorer until a mild slump caused his average to drop to a mere 30.3, only third best in the country. He was on his way to a 31-point effort against Western, but Byhre also knew that his star could do more than connect on jumpers from the tuba section of the pep band.

When Bryant saw who was guarding him, he knew he might be in trouble. He and Tillman both come from Washington, D.C., and they were teammates on the University of Maryland's 1976-77 team. "We worked against each other in practice a lot," Bryant says, "and Turk's a very good defensive player." In the remaining 13 minutes Bryant scored only four, and that, as much as anything, is why Eastern came away with an 84–82 victory which boosted its hopes of winning the Ohio Valley Conference.

After the game was over, Tillman couldn't help but gloat a bit. "We're both from D.C., so I knew what to expect," he said. Over in the Western locker room Bryant said, "I feel O.K. about the way I played, but I would feel better if we had won the game." Bryant finished with 22 points and 12 rebounds, both team highs.

It should come as no surprise to knowledgeable followers of college basketball that a couple of ex-Maryland players from Washington, D.C. would end up playing against each other in the OVC. The OVC is a league for vagabond lovers. Perhaps no conference in the country has a greater percentage of transfers than this vest-pocket league, which has teams in such towns as Murray, Ky. and Clarksville, Tenn. To find the conference's other six members you need an NCAA guide and a road map, unless you're a disenchanted star looking for a new home and a new start. Then, amazingly, all roads lead to places like Morehead and Murfreesboro and Murray.

The OVC's 41 transfers come from the Southeastern, the Big Ten, the Atlantic

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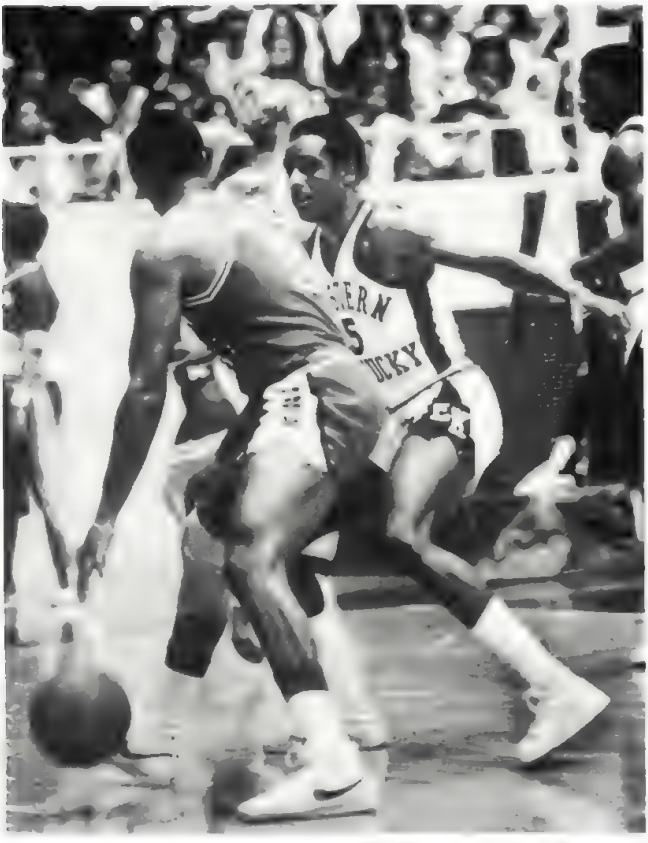

Bryant put W. Kentucky ahead, but ex-Maryland teammate Tillman, of E. Kentucky, closed him off

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Coast and, of course, the jucos. Murray State leads the league with eight transfers, including its best player, Gary Hooker, a transfer from Mississippi State. Morehead State's best inside men came by way of Oral Roberts and a junior college. Besides Bryant, Western's starters include Trey Trumbo, a transfer from Arkansas, and Jack Washington, a transfer from Gardner-Webb. And besides Tillman, Eastern's starters include Tommy Baker, one of three players kicked off Indiana University's team last season for allegedly smoking marijuana.

Tillman was recruited by Eastern Kentucky when he was a senior at Eastern High in Washington's inner city. However, after considering his many offers he decided to stay home and play for Lefty Driesell at Maryland.

His jumping and shooting ability were legendary on the D.C. playgrounds, but, inexplicably, Tillman didn't play much at Maryland. In two years he started only two games and averaged 5.5 points, not a lot for a player who was recruited by Notre Dame, Southern Cal and Kentucky. One theory was that Driesell had so much talent he didn't know what to do with it all. At any rate, Tillman left after two years, starting a mass migration that has seen JoJo Hunter go to Colorado, Brian Magid to George Washington and Bryant to Western Kentucky.

"All I've got is four years of eligibility, so I wanted to go someplace where I could start all over, begin a second life," Tillman says. "Aw, I don't want to talk about Maryland. That was two years ago. All I care about is now."

How much a petty larceny charge, which resulted in Tillman's lawyer asking for a "probation before verdict" ruling by the court, hastened his departure from Maryland is anybody's guess. Whatever, he picked Eastern Kentucky because he remembered Byhre from recruiting days and because the Eastern coach is a good friend of his high school coach, A. B. Williamson. The fact that Eastern also had three of his teammates from the 1975 Washington city champion Eastern team (Lovell Joiner, Mike Oliver and Tyrone Jones) didn't hurt. After sitting out the 1977-78 season Tillman came back with a vengeance last year. He was fourth in the NCAA's Division I with a 26.9 average.

Billy Bryant's case is a bit different. While he can score when he needs to, he is mostly a big guard in the classic mold of Robertson, Walt Frazier and Jerry West. He came to Maryland out of Archbishop Carroll High and got a lot more playing time than Tillman. He started 10 games as a freshman and 18 as a sophomore. Nevertheless, Bryant felt he wasn't getting enough light under Driesell. Early in his junior season Bryant didn't play so much as a second in a Maryland victory over North Carolina State. That did it. He quit and began looking for a place to finish his career.

Unfortunately for Bryant, he lost some eligibility by transferring after his junior season had begun. That's why he is a second-semester senior, even though he is a year younger than Tillman. Technically, Bryant could come back next season and play the first few games, but that would be pointless. Nevertheless, Western is glad to have him, if only for a semester. Since Bryant has been eligible, Western lost to Florida State, then won nine straight before the Eastern game.

"When I heard he was unhappy I called Dean Smith at North Carolina," says Western Coach Gene Keady. "Smith said, 'If you can get him for one game, do it.' That was enough for me. Billy has added a new dimension to our team. He's such a good passer and he takes care of the ball so well, that all our other kids are better players. I just wish I had had him for three years."

Bryant picked Western because of the relationship he had developed with Clem Haskins, now an assistant coach at Western, when Haskins was near the end of his pro career with the Washington Bullets. Asked how he felt about Western, Bryant said, "We're playing hard, and we're pulling together real well. That's what you need to get into the NCAA tournament—togetherness. I'd like to get into the NCAA now, my last semester. We never got there when I was playing at Maryland."

Tillman got there last season at Western's expense. With only seconds left in the championship game of the OVC tournament in Eastern's gym, Western appeared to have a one-point victory. However, the home crowd was so loud that the officials apparently couldn't hear the final buzzer. Eastern's Dave Tierney was fouled after time had expired, and the officials let him go to the line to make two free throws that gave Eastern the victory, the championship and a ticket to the NCAAs. Says Bryant, a veteran of the ACC wars, "I've never seen an incident happen like that on the major-college level." Eastern's joy was short-lived, however, because Tennessee clobbered it in the NCAA opening round.

If Western and Bryant are to get into the NCAAs this season they will have to beat Tillman and Eastern this Saturday night in a rematch on Western's campus. Considering how Tillman handled Bryant last week, it will be interesting to see how Eastern defends the Western star this week. And it also will be interesting to see if Tillman can fill the hoops at Bowling Green the way he did at Eastern's gym. Whatever happens, the OVC will be eternally grateful for its talented transfers. Eastern Kentucky and Western Kentucky don't share a lot, but, oh, what a friend they have in Lefty!

THE WEEK

(Jan 21-27)

by HERM WEISKOPF

EAST Duke students chanted "Ralph who? Ralph who?" before the Blue Devils met Virginia and its redoubtable freshman, Ralph Sampson. Ralph silenced the crowd with 23 points and 13 rebounds as the Cavaliers won 90–84. The 7′4″ Sampson tossed turnaround jumpers and hooks beyond the reach of 6′11″ Mike Gminski in the first matchup of the Atlantic Coast Conference's two leading centers. Jeff Lamp, who flicked in 27 points against Duke, had 24 more as Virginia defeated North Carolina State 49–47 and moved into second place. Four seconds from the end, Lamp fired a game-winning jumper after eluding three defenders.

Clinging to first place was Maryland, which downed North Carolina State 66–62 when Coach Lefty Driesell's tactics paid off. After the Wolfpack had tied the game at 62–62 with 36 seconds to go, Driesell let the clock tick off 20 seconds before calling a time-out. Then he inserted Dutch Morley because he is a fine free-throw shooter. Sure enough, Morley was fouled on the inbounds play and made both free throws. Morley was then replaced by 6′10″ Taylor Baldwin as Driesell tried to solidify his inner defense. Like Morley, Baldwin came through, blocking State's final shot.

Despite the loss of superb freshman James Worthy, who broke two bones in his right ankle, North Carolina won twice. Al Wood, normally a guard, took over at forward for Worthy and netted 17 points as the Tar Heels held off Clemson 73–70 and scored 26 more in a 73–61 defeat of Wake Forest.

"French fries! French fries!" That was the cry of Syracuse fans urging the Orange to

continued

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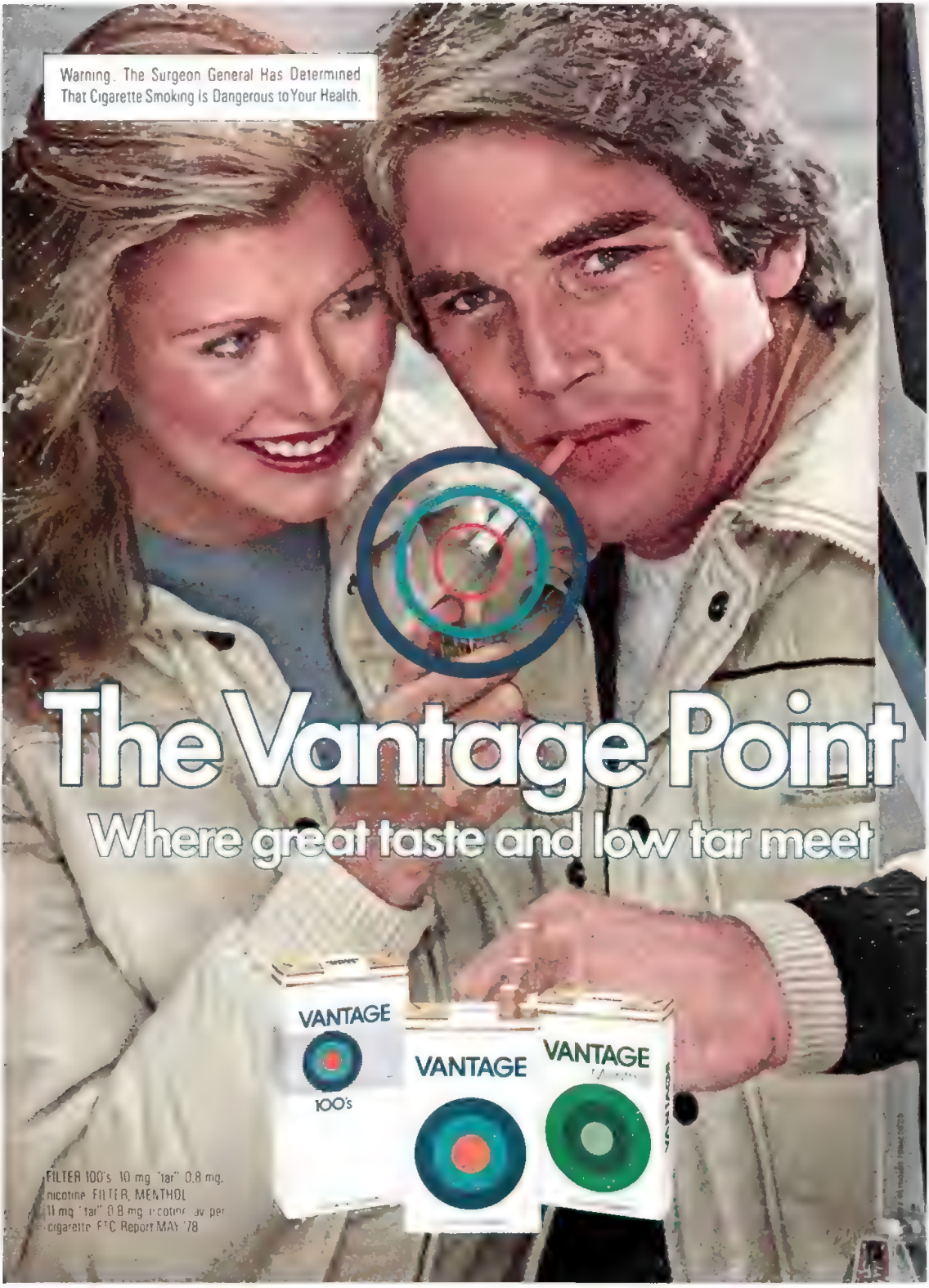
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score 100 points against Connecticut so they could partake of freebie fries offered by a local eatery. Sorry, folks. Syracuse won 99–89 after breaking the game open during the first 5:09 of the second half by outscoring the Huskies 20–6. Roosevelt Boule led the way with 29 points. Syracuse trailed at halftime in two previous outings, but Boule and Louis Orr each had 18 points and 13 rebounds to stop Detroit 89–83. Rutgers, which had led 35–32 at the midway point, lost 69–66 as Boule and Orr combined for 28 of Syracuse's 37 points thereafter.

"After a game like this, I need a doctor," St. John's Coach Lou Carnesecca said of an 81–75 conquest of Villanova. Carnesecca felt sick while watching 6′8″ freshman John Pinone score 19 of his 24 points in the second half for the Wildcats. But the Redmen who got standout performances from Wayne McKoy (20 points and 12 rebounds) and Ron Plair (19 and 11), went on a pair of 10–0 spurts to salt away the win. Before that, St. John's beat Manhattan 88–64 and decked Davidson 67–48.

1.ST. JOHN'S (17–1)
2.SYRACUSE (17–1) 3.VIRGINIA (16–4)

MIDWEST It's not unusual for players to swish shots into the basket from 15, 20 or even 25 feet. But from *89 feet, three inches*? That was the distance Virginia Tech's Les Henson heaved the ball at Florida State. Henson's shot was airborne when the clock ran out, and when it went in the net—it didn't touch backboard or rim—Tech had a 79–77 Metro Conference victory. The field goal by Henson was the longest on record, 15 inches longer than shot by Rudy Williams of Providence last year.

Louisville Coach Denny Crum made some history, too. Crum's 200th triumph came in the 16th game of his ninth season, the earliest any coach has reached the 200 mark. The big win was over Marquette 76–63, as the Cardinals played smart, hustling ball and cracked the Warriors' patient offense with their press. Darrell Griffith had 28 points for the week as Louisville also beat St. Louis 99–74 and Florida State 79–73.

With Arkansas ahead by four with 10:34 left, Texas A&M switched from a zone to a press. Two minutes later the Aggies were in front in this showdown for the Southwest Conference leadership. The press harried the Hogs and also helped enliven the Aggie attack as A&M rolled 45–39.

Kansas State took charge in the Big Eight. Rolando Blackman scored 17 points as the Wildcats beat Iowa State 73–63 and 24 in a 66–64 double overtime win over Nebraska.

Colorado's slowdown curbed Missouri's offense, but 13 of the Buffaloes' 15 shots in the first half went awry, and they trailed 29–4. From there on the tempo quickened, and the Tigers went on to win 78–45. Missouri then fell a game back, losing 78–73 at Oklahoma. The Sooners scored 24 of their last 26 points on foul shots.

1.LOUISVILLE (16–2)
2.MISSOURI (15–3) 3.TEXAS A&M (15–5)

MIDEAST Wisconsin's Badgers, who have had internal problems and had lost four in a row, vowed last week not to talk to the press until they won a game. The next day they lost again, to Purdue in overtime, 73–60. But two days later they pulled off a 72–71 upset at Ohio State—and started talking. They talked about how they rallied after trailing 33–18, how they forced 21 turnovers, how they won without an injured starter Dan Hastings. What's more, two Wisconsin players had fouled out, including playmaker Wesley Matthews, who scored 25 points. Guard John Bailey drove around 6′10″ Herb Williams for a reverse layup and then added a foul shot for a three-point play that ended the scoring. The Badgers' 2-3 zone didn't allow the Buckeyes a shot during most of the final minute.

Earlier, Ohio State had beaten Illinois 79–76 as Williams popped in 24 points and blocked seven shots. On Sunday, with Kelvin Ransey netting eight of his 18 points in one minute near the end, the Buckeyes toppled Virginia 70–65 in a non-league game.

One game behind Ohio State in the Big Ten were Purdue, Indiana and Minnesota. Landon Turner and Ray Tolbert excelled on defense as the Hoosiers trimmed the Boilermakers 69–58. With the 6′10″ Turner guarding him, 7′1″ Joe Barry Carroll missed 15 of 20 shots and had just 11 points. Arnette Hallman, who was covered by Tolbert, hit on only two of 10 attempts. Randy Breuer, a 7′2″ freshman, scored eight points down the stretch as Minnesota beat Indiana 55–49.

Kentucky took over the Southeastern lead. Kyle Macy's 20 points helped the Wildcats get past Mississippi State 87–69. When Georgia's zone bottled up Macy, Kentucky went to Sam Bowie, who had 18 points and 10 rebounds during a 56–49 triumph.

Georgia had earlier stunned Tennessee, which began the week in first place, 55–54. Applying the finishing touch was Lamar Heard, who put in a layup with two seconds to go. "It was a comedy of mistakes," Vol Coach Don DeVoe said. More unfunny boo-boos led to a 72–59 loss at Alabama.

Having failed to keep up with unbeaten DePaul by playing cautiously, Alabama-Birmingham tried to overcome a 46–31 deficit in the final eight minutes with some running and gunning. Five minutes later the blazing Blazers were down by only two points, but then Mark Aguirre tossed in four of his 22 points and the Blue Demons hung on to win 57–54. Next time out DePaul finally had a laugher, shredding Evansville 105–94 as Aguirre got 27 points.

Tracy Jackson grew up only a long jump shot from the Maryland campus, but Notre Dame landed him. It was Jackson who gave the Irish a 64–63 win over the Terps when he sank a layup with six seconds left. Notre Dame won despite the absence of its No. 1 scorer, Kelly Tripucka, who was hospitalized with back spasms.

1.DePAUL (17–0)
2.OHIO STATE (14–3) 3.KENTUCKY (17–3)

WEST As one Washington writer put it, "It couldn't have been more startling if palm trees suddenly had sprouted in Pullman." It was there that Washington State drubbed Southern Cal 77–57 behind Don Collins' 36 points. And it was in Pullman two days later that the Cougars concluded their most memorable basketball week ever by whipping UCLA for the first time in 14 years, 80–64. Collins, a senior forward, scored 31 points against the Bruins as State shot a conference-record .737. That left State 15–3 overall and 7–2 in the Pac-10, while UCLA slipped to 10–7 and 5–4.

Still first was Oregon State, an 86–55 winner at California. Coach Ralph Miller's Beavers, few of whom were heavily recruited by other schools, breezed to their 13th straight win as Ray Blume scored 20 points.

Kurt Nimphius of Arizona State felt nauseated while playing against Arizona. That, however, did not deter the 6′10″ forward from compiling healthy stats during the Sun Devils' 97–72 romp: 10 for-13 field-goal shooting, 28 points, 11 rebounds.

San Diego State may well be weary of being manhandled by Brigham Young teams. Last fall the Aztecs suffered one of their worst football losses when the Cougars smeared them 63–14. On Thursday the BYU cagers creamed State 123–91, the most points ever scored against the Aztecs. Hawaii, though refused to run with the Cougars and succumbed by only 34–33 when Devin Durrant sank a foul shot with four seconds remaining.

Since dropping its season opener, Weber State has been unstoppable. An 83–67 triumph at Idaho State, in which Bruce Collins swished in 24 points and David Johnson 23, kept the Wildcats atop the Big Sky. It also extended their victory streak to 18 games, the longest among major-college teams.

1.OREGON STATE (18–1)
2.ARIZONA STATE (14–4) 3.BYU (15–4)

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

LES HENSON Virginia Tech's 6′6″ senior forward sank the longest shot ever—89′3″—to beat Florida State 79–77. Henson had 20 points in that game and then added 18 more as the Gobblers walloped Cincinnati 97–57.

ZOUNDS!
NO HOUNDS!

Beagles and bassets may bay their ears off, but no good ol' country dog is going to be best-in-show at next week's highfalutin Westminster extravaganza

BY E.M. SWIFT

Next week brings the 104th Westminster Kennel Club dog show. It is, according to one judge, "the great event in the world of dogs, the show of shows." There are bigger shows, certainly there are better-run shows, but none in America is older or more prestigious. None has Westminster's bloodline. To mark the occasion, 2,804 dogs representing 137 breeds and varieties, 48 states and five countries will gather in New York City's Madison Square Garden. They will be judged for two days, at the end of which a single dog will be selected by a single judge as best-in-show. There are a whole passel of people who can predict who will win best-in-show at Westminster, but you know who *won't* win? A hound dog.

This is how it was explained by a famous New York trainer: "If you saw two beautiful women come into this room, both equally gorgeous, physically perfect, and one was wearing a mink coat while the other was wearing a wool one, which would you want to take out?"

The question posed was: Why, at Westminster, the dog show of dog shows, have terriers and poodles won best-in-show 38 times and seven times, respectively, while a beagle and a basset hound have not won even once? Nor, for that matter, has a dachshund, which is generally among the top five breeds in numbers entered. Or a bloodhound, foxhound, coonhound or harrier. What is it about trailhounds that makes them such miserable show dogs in Westminster's eyes? Even the aggressively ugly bull terrier has won best-in-show, and the bulldog has won twice, so it is not simply a case of beautiful girls in mink coats. Westminster is just prejudiced against the hound dog.

So you'll know where I'm coming from, the two great canine loves in my life have been a basset hound and my college roommate's beagle. The beagle's name was Thurman; my roommate's name was Woof. Thurman used to bark at other, larger dogs until they turned to bark back. Then Thurman would scamper under the nearest car. This made Woof, who was hammer thrower on the track team, very angry. It was endearing to the rest of us. As for the basset hound, she is still the only four-legged creature I have seen fall down under her own steam. She was chasing a squirrel in a circle and spun out on a patch of ice. Those were funny dogs. And as long as I'm coming clean, I'll admit to being no friend of the yapping terrier and having once kicked our miniature poodle halfway up the kitchen door so that it nearly swung open. Further, I'm a big fan of wool, and beautiful women in mink scare me to death.

Before a dog can be judged for best-in-show, it must first be deemed best-in-group. The American Kennel Club has divided its 137 recognized breeds and varieties into six sep-

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD ROTH

arate groups: the sporting group, the hound group, the working group, the phenomenally successful terrier group, the toy group, and a group I hesitate even to mention, the nonsporting group. There are 21 breeds within the hound group, only half of which are hounds, at least as defined by the American Heritage Dictionary: hunters "characteristically having drooping ears, a short coat, and a deep resonant voice." Afghan hounds—one was best-in-show at Westminster in 1957—have long hair and high-pitched voices; the Borzoi has midget ears and a long, silky coat; and the Basenji is a silky, short-haired, pointy-eared beast with no voice at all. They call it the barkless hound, and the only noise it can make, as described by the AKC's *The Complete Dog Book*, is "somewhere between a chortle and a yodel," which it apparently makes when it is pleased, because upon hearing it one "can't help but share the happiness with him."

In the face of such competition, the trailhounds have been judged so unworthy by the Westminster Kennel Club that it has been 11 years since one of their number has even won best-in-group at the Garden, an event in which, numerically, they should have a 50-50 chance. As one dachshund breeder puts it, "Dachshunds are a very *small and unadorned* breed. Get them in with the Afghans and Borzois and they look like nothing. They look like little plodding things among all the great, hairy, beautiful hounds."

Nevertheless, in some parts of the country, bassets and the other trailhounds can overcome their dowdiness. A dog is supposed to be judged by how close it comes to "the standard"—a concept of the Venus and Adonis of the breed—and not by how attractive the dog is to the eye. Basset champions like Ch. Slow Poke Hubertus and Ch. Stefenlagenheim Lazy Bones were named best-in-show many times, best-in-group many more times, but never at Westminster. "You've got to remember," says one basset breeder in New England, "Westminster's not an ordinary dog show. It's a showplace. You go there to see and to be seen."

That is as true now as it ever has been. Westminster is a sort of debutante cotillion of dog shows. After the first Westminster in May of 1877, *Forest and Stream* asserted, "We question if on any previous occasion has there ever assembled in this city such a number of people at one time, and representing as much of the culture, wealth and fashion of the town."

One of the things that people of culture, wealth and fashion prefer not to be seen with is a hound dog. The landed gentry tend more toward terriers, who are notorious ratcatchers, while the city sophisticates prefer poodles, whose chief attribute is that they do not shed. "Give me your description of a hound owner," challenges Captain Arthur Haggerty, an authority on dogs and Westminster. "He's your

continued

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NO HOUNDS! *continued*

good ol' country boy, right?' I'm not saying you have to pay to win Westminster, but you need money to raise, train, breed and campaign these dogs. And a professional handler is a real craftsman. He can take a dog with a poor shoulder conformation and sculpt the coat to mask it. Your trailhounds are more or less pure dogs."

Unfortunately for hound breeders, the natural look has not yet hit the dog world. Blow dryers, curlers, combs and coat-whitening cornstarch are standard appurtenances of the glamorous breeds that beat them. Trailhounds need only a trim of the whiskers, a bath and a nail-clip. Out they plod, looking like Huck Finn loose in Tiffany's, and the Garden is suddenly atwitter in stifled giggling.

"Movement is a test of quality," admits one beagle breeder. "After those stylish, showy Afghans that move so beautifully, it can really be a ridiculous sight when all these little beagles run out with their ears flopping up and down."

It is an example of trailhounds' ill fortune that big ears, for now, are out of vogue. In another society a hound dog's lobes might be the talk of every show. Shakespeare was moved to write that hounds had heads "hung with ears that sweep away the morning dew." They are practical, too. The standards for the basset and the bloodhound call for ears that extend comfortably beyond the end of the snout, so that scents are trapped and funneled noseward when the dogs are on the hunt. But it is not enough that they belong, a hound's ears must also have a certain way of hanging. "They can't be flat pancake ears that lie on top of their head," says Topohil Kennels' Jean Sheehy. "They have to be foldy." To demonstrate, Mrs. Sheehy proudly rolls the ear of one of her champions into a tight little crepe-like cone and lets it unfurl like a banner. Let's see an Afghan try that. But such subtleties are overlooked at Westminster, where a hound without a fancy coat is treated like a cur of low degree.

Which, when it comes to money, they are not. One Connecticut breeder claims to have been offered $10,000 for a best-in-breed basset she was showing at Westminster, but even that dog could not capture best hound. One thing about the lugubrious basset is that it certainly is photogenic, boasting two past television stars, Cleo and Morgan, and endorsements for products like Hush Puppies. Before going Madison Avenue, one basset's finest hour in a show ring came during an obedience trial when she was heeling beside her breeder and spotted a boy eating a hot dog in the first row. "She heeled right out of the ring, climbed into the crowd, heeled back and sat down next to me with half the hot dog in her mouth," said the owner. "Then the boy's mother came down to the ring to ask me if she wanted the other half. Bassets do things like that to you."

Did the owner turn *livid*; did she *just die*, did she flush *perfectly crimson* as a poodle owner might have done? No. "Basset-hound breeders are kind of placid," she says. "They don't like too-excitable dogs; they are friendly and they like a slow life and a slow dog."

It can be argued that people, like hounds, can be divided into two groups, the Trailhounds and the Coursers. Coursers—greyhounds, Afghans and the like—are bred to judge by sight. They are fast, flashy and tend to race about running over things with their noses in the air. The gentleman

continued

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on page 72 might be an example of a Courser Trailhounds, on the other hand, are beasts that have their noses near the ground. They judge by scent, they are plodding, often homely, methodical backtrackers that eventually get their man. I like the bloodhound. The woman who has stepped on the moplike dog of the gentleman Courser (a yapping Yorkshire terrier perhaps") appears to be a Trailhound. Check that. I positively guarantee you she is a Trailhound.

All right. Now try this. If you are scared to death of beautiful women in mink coats, raise your hands. You are Trailhounds. If you wear a mink coat, have recently bought one, or own a sculpted poodle, raise your noses. You are Coursers. Don't get defensive, you are also responsible for pushing a civilization onward and upward. The very first Courser who ever lived was the hunched chap who took man's first evolutionary step by rising onto his two unstable feet from all fours to get his eyes into the air and give his world some breadth. But don't get superior, either — would that a Courser could—because by doing so he also lost his olfactory skills, so that today the only smell man's nose is still capable of identifying is burning toast. The point is this. Westminster is a Courser's show in a Courser's town. Coursers don't own hound dogs. Good ol' country boys do. That's why a hound dog will never win Westminster.

Westminster officials, of course, deny that they have it in for the hound dogs. The man they have appointed as best-in-show judge this year, E. Irving Eldredge, has raised bassets in his Middleburg, Va. home. Eldredge himself gamely clings to the party line. "A top dog of any breed can go up whether he's glamorous or not. In fact, a truly fine basset hound looks glamorous to me. A good dog of any breed does."

Hmm. How about a dachshund? A dachshund is at an even greater disadvantage than the other traildogs because it wears the additional yoke of being Germanic. (A German shepherd is another breed that has never won best-in-show at Westminster.) Because of its decidedly odd but not unpleasant appearance, the dachshund has attracted some of the most colorful descriptions in dogdom. LIFE once wrote, "Nobody can look more like Hamlet than a purebred dachshund. . ." then later said that "because he possesses a human philosophy of life, he is not easily trained to do tricks." If you are wondering just how dachshund philosophy became public, you have obviously forgotten *All About Small Dogs in the Big City* (1975), in which author Ann Seranne explains that dachshunds "can amuse themselves by the hour, rolling on sofa or chair and carrying on lengthy conversations with no one but themselves." But it was TIME that described the little hound most eloquently, 40 years ago. "Too low for dignity or speed, too long to serve as a lap dog, it appears to be recommended only by its melancholy face suggesting an appreciation of its drawbacks."

Its melancholy face might also suggest an appreciation of its history. Bred by the Germans to be able to slither down a badger hole and fight, the dachshund was officially called "badger dog" (the literal German translation) in America from 1918 until 1923 because of relentless persecution here on the home front during the First World War—stonings and poisonings and such. They fared even worse in Germany, where they were used as food and earned the nickname of Blockade Mutton. Dachshunds have, in fact, been found on the dinner table in every German crisis since Frederick the Great. Small wonder they can do a pretty good Hamlet. Being built like a poorly designed suspension bridge, they are known to suffer from backaches, they pick fights with other dogs, often with disastrous results, and they are sensitive to scolding. On the positive side, dachshunds are fastidious, porpoise-playful and smell nice. None of which helps them at Westminster.

Peggy Westphal, a Bedford, N.Y. breeder, has won best-in-breed with her dachshunds 11 times at Westminster, but has yet to capture a best-in-group. Last year her Pennies from Heaven showed particularly hound-like gumption by having the stitches from a bladder-stone operation removed the day before Westminster, then going on to win best-in-breed among the smooth-haired dachshunds. There are also wirehaired dachshunds, which have been crossed with the accursed terrier, and long-haired dachshunds, with a silky long coat like a setter's. Of all the trailhounds, a champion dachshund is the most attractive. "People think of dachshunds as fat, dumpy little frumps," says Mrs. Westphal, "but they should be long and low and elegant, with these strong muscles through the chest, an iron back, a beautiful head with a strong Germanic profile and a personality that all comes out in the tail."

While the basset has cornered the market on doleful expressions in front of a camera, the dachshund's personable tail has actually inspired verse:

There was a little dachshund once
So long he had no notion
How long it took to notify
His tail of his emotion

continued

NO HOUNDS! *continued*

And thus it was that while his eyes
Were filled with woe and sadness
His little tail kept wagging on
Because of previous gladness

So quoted Maynard C. Krueger, Vice-Presidential candidate in 1940, in his keynote address to the Socialist Party convention. Unfortunately for Mrs. Westphal, her dogs' personalities sometimes manifest themselves in places other than their tails. "I have one line of dachshunds that yodel at me in the ring—" She pauses here to make a fearsome little noise that sounds like a dachshund under 10 feet of water. "It's terribly embarrassing with all those glamorous, hairy Afghans around." It is also most definitely not the Westminster way. "Westminster is the least relaxed, most competitive show of the year," Mrs. Westphal says. "But as much as everyone moans about it, the Garden *is* the Garden."

Of all the breeds most slighted at Westminster, surely the beagle ranks first. Between 1940 and 1962 the beagle was first or second in AKC-registered purebreds, and in all those years it never won the hound group at Westminster. The beagle became a sort of Everydog among purebreds, and there is nothing that puts off a human Courser faster than acceptance by the hoi polloi. "Beagles are very high in registrations," says Pickadilly Kennels breeder Jean Dills. "But they're a minor show breed. Everyone knows what a beagle looks like."

Certainly everyone knows what a beagle looks like when it is being hoisted by its ears, which President Lyndon Johnson—one of our many Trailhound Presidents—did to his pets Him and Her so that they might practice their yelping. Yelping is one of the things overlooked at Westminster. Instead, there they look for straight legs, a short, compact body and pleading eyes. (Thurman, incidentally, was the most bowlegged beagle God could bring Himself to create; he could not have turned a rabbit in an alley.) But to judge a beagle without considering its yelp is simply incomplete. It is also more or less typical of a Courser's way of doing things, judging by sight alone and ignoring some finer points beneath the surface. A beagle can flat "give tongue," as beaglers say, but for all it helps them at Westminster they might just as well wander around chortling like a Basenji.

"Best-in-show at the Garden is just a canine beauty pageant," says Mrs. Dills, who has bred more than 30 champions and has had class winners, but never so much as a group placement at Westminster. "That's the glamorous side of a dog show. If you're a breeder, you're more impressed with winning best-in-breeds. You can't compete against those big, moving, flashy dogs with a prototype dog like a beagle. Not in Westminster, where everything is exaggerated in the first place with this huge ring and this dressy crowd and these great, hairy, eye-catching, classy, aristocratic dogs."

Aristocratic. That's the tone at Westminster. And hound dogs, for all their spunk and good nature, are not aristocratic dogs. There was a good ol' country boy from the trailhound country of Tennessee whose closest claim to aristocracy was as King of rock 'n' roll. He could not have gained membership in the Westminster Kennel Club if he had begged in his blue suede shoes, but he sang their song. Can't you just see him ring center, 18,000 people packing the Garden, his hair slicked back, and kind of cranking that pelvis, saying out of the corner of his mouth, "I've got a little song for some of the contestants—" Then that little smile and a wink at the female handlers, and "—goes something like this—" turning away for a moment, then back, his face gone hard, toward the sad-sack, pleading eyes of the little basset on the bench. "You ain't nothin' but a hound dog—!" as the best-in-show judge old Mrs. Penderghast, swoons. END

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PERSPECTIVE

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

FOR A SEASONED ANGLER, WINTER FLY FISHING IS SPORT TO WARM THE HEART

It's taken a while—half my life or thereabouts, provided my luck and health hold out—but I've finally found a kind of fishing that suits my tastes perfectly. I think that those of us who love to fish are born to it, that the very first time we are taken to a pond or creek the excitement and mystery take hold, and they never let go. It was that way with me. From the age of 10, wherever I've been I've tried the available fishing, and every variety of the sport has had its attractions. Until recently, though, there have always been drawbacks, too.

Spearfishing in Hawaii—then later in the Mediterranean and off the Florida Keys—was both physically demanding and visually stimulating. Six or eight hours in the water was a satisfying workout, and every day the sea would show you much that was lovely and probably something that was new, strange or dangerous. The drawback was the spearing. Shooting a metal shaft through a fish just wasn't much fun.

No form of bait fishing was ever very appealing to me, either. I tried it with large worms in a muddy Bavarian trout stream, with salmon eggs in a High Sierras lake. It was messy, especially the worms, and the fish you caught would usually take the hooks down into their stomachs, making release impossible, or at best awfully difficult.

I've also been through the tiny-dry-flies-for-highly-selective-trout ordeal. There is no denying the challenge in such fishing, but at least 50 minutes of every hour on the stream are spent tying leader tippets, changing flies (as from a No. 18 to a 22), figuring strategy, then crawling up and down the banks on hands and knees to implement it. When I go fishing I like to fish.

Deep-sea trolling offered intense excitement for the first fish or two. But when the initial excitement wore off, all that was left was a test of strength, a drawn-out tug-of-war.

Surf casting is different from trolling in that, instead of sitting and waiting, you stand and wait. And I've never been able to overcome a feeling of utter hopelessness at tossing a bait or lure from a beach into something as large as the sea.

The Pacific Northwest, where I live now, offered me salmon, steelhead and trout. I tried them all, and it didn't take long to choose steelhead as the most attractive. They are magnificent game fish—large enough, wild fighters, inhabitants of beautiful streams, and willing, sometimes, to take a well-presented fly. The trouble became one of numbers—numbers of people, that is. Good summer steelhead rivers are always mobbed.

All this, then, led to winter fishing. There are far more coastal rivers with winter-run steelhead than there are with summer runs, although plenty of people fish for winter steelhead, too, and nearly all of them use bait—sticky gobs of salmon eggs wrapped up in cheesecloth.

In time I realized that there was only one way I could ever hope to have a river with steelhead in it pretty much to myself. I would have to fish the cold days between coastal storms, with the water low and clear. Low, clear water doesn't appeal to bait fishermen. Their heavy lines and lead sinkers spook the fish. Cold water doesn't appeal to any fishermen, for steelhead are thought to be inactive when water temperatures fall to the middle 30s and below.

As I prepared to test this theory, the clear water didn't worry me much, because I'd be casting flies on a six-pound leader tippet. But I had my doubts about whether a fish could be coaxed up off the bottom to chase a fly through ice water. Another question was whether I could find fish in relatively shallow spots. Deep, slow pools aren't much fun to explore with flies. I would be looking for ledges, slots and large rocks along the riffles, and slicks above rapids where the current spread and slowed.

Well, the results of such fishing elated me, and the possibilities seemed to expand each year. For a while I thought that water under 38° was hopeless, but then I caught a six-pound steelhead in 31° water, water so cold that only its movement prevented its turning to ice.

I started out with a fast-sinking fly line, but now I use a slow sinker, or even my floating summer line when the air gets up to 40°. It doesn't seem to make sense, but warm air will bring fish up through cold water. One February afternoon—air 45° and water 33°—11 steelhead rose for flies that were barely beneath the surface.

Winter fly fishing isn't often so productive, though, and that's just fine, because easy fishing soon becomes the most boring kind of all. A steelhead a day is an admirable average, and though there are occasional great days, there are far more empty ones. But rivers on winter days are truly lovely—water as clear as the air, deer prints frozen into the sand along the banks, wood duck, mallard and mergansers flying so low you hear their wings cut through the air.

I do meet occasional fishermen on my winter steelhead days, usually fly fishermen, who are abroad for the same reasons I am. I've never objected to company, only to crowds. Sometimes a drift boat will pass by, and in it will be two or three men with bait-casting or spinning rods, wearing down jackets, blowing on their frozen hands.

It does get cold out there, sometimes painfully so. But discomfort, too, becomes a blessing. It is on the coldest days that the after-fishing drink by a fire of well-seasoned madrona is most satisfying. END

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Jan. 21-27

Compiled by BROOKS CLARK

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE MOSCOW GAMES

Sir

If the Soviet Union refuses to withdraw all combat troops from Afghanistan I believe that sports fans and the national public should stand united and demand another location for the Olympic Games—or, if that's impossible, boycott those Games altogether (SCORECARD, Jan. 14 *et seq*).

It seems that every four years when it's time for the Olympics there's an issue threatening the participation of some countries or an impending crisis because the construction of the facilities has lagged behind schedule. The waste of millions of dollars spent on relocating the site of the Games is foolish and unnecessary. I agree that the Games should be moved permanently to one country. I also agree that that country should be Greece. If this were the case today, the only issue would be the question of whether or not to allow the Soviet Union to participate.

LESLIE RICHERSON
White Sands Missile Range, N. Mex.

Sir

The International Olympic Committee has a golden opportunity to strike a blow for world peace and international goodwill—goals that are completely compatible with the Olympic movement. The IOC must go on with the 1980 Games, but at a site or sites other than Moscow, thereby demonstrating that if open military aggression cannot always be stopped or controlled, there are ways in which world organizations can show that they do not condone such actions. Admittedly, it is unrealistic at this late date to move the entire Summer Games to a single city. Therefore, the events must be grouped and held in different cities of the world. For example, basketball, volleyball, wrestling and boxing could go to one city, swimming, water polo, rowing and gymnastics to another.

Such an arrangement may not be ideal, but it can be achieved, and it is preferable to holding the Games in Moscow as if everything were normal. It is also preferable to having some nations boycott or withdraw from this year's Olympics, thus penalizing athletes who have worked years for the opportunity to compete. Decentralization of the Games was discussed following the violence at Munich in 1972, and it offers two advantages: 1)it greatly reduces the cost to any one city and nation, and 2)it reduces the chances for political demonstrations or terrorism, because the eyes of the world are not focused entirely on one place. Now is the time to try it.

JOHN M. TRUMP
Oxford, Ohio

Sir

What a mockery it would be to have the world's athletic heroes perform in a country that does not know the meaning of the word hero—or the meaning of amateur sportsmanship. I am probably just one of many of your readers who want to stand up and be counted when they say boycott Moscow!

ARTHUR POPPI
Lakehurst, N.J.

Sir

Your editorial dissertation, *Moscow '80: An Olympics Under Siege* (Jan. 21), was a brilliant summary of this most trying situation. But there was one salient point not mentioned. For more than a decade our armed forces were being sent 7,000 miles to fight in Southeast Asia. During that period the 1964 and 1968 Olympic Games were held, and the Soviets did not protest U.S. participation in them. So why all the shouting for a U.S. boycott of the Games in the U.S.S.R. now? We have very strong teams in most sports, and financial support has never been stronger. I for one, want our young people to be given the opportunity to lick the Soviets on their own soil and bring back the glory the U.S. justly deserves.

JACK CLOWSER
Cleveland

Sir

I was appalled by the suggestion that the Olympics be held in Munich rather than Moscow. The atmosphere in Munich would be even worse. The memory of the 11 Israelis who were so brutally killed and of the tragic handling of that situation should preclude the possibility of another Munich Olympics.

NATHANIEL CHARNY
Dobbs Ferry, N.Y.

Sir

The very suggestion that we should boycott the Moscow Games is proof that the Olympics are being used for anything and everything but the ideas and ideals of amateur athletics. Instead, the Olympics have become an international political forum. This is anathema to any true athlete. In my opinion, the Olympics have already been "reduced to a shambles."

Let's get out, and get out for good! We have the most dedicated athletes in the world. Let's conduct our own Olympics and stop deceiving ourselves chasing the rest of the world in a fixed political race.

TED MISEREWDINO
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sir

It would be nice if the members of our Olympic teams acted as Americans first and athletes second. I'll believe the Olympics are non-political when they stop playing national anthems for the winners.

CRAIG M. SCHWARTZ
Penfield, N.Y.

SUPER AFTERTHOUGHTS

Sir

Even though the final score of the Super Bowl game, 31-19, is suggestive of the romp Joe Marshall predicted (*A Game of Resistible Forces*, Jan. 14), it was obvious to anyone who witnessed the contest that the Rams could just as easily have won that game. I've waited for the Rams to get into the Super Bowl for 10 years, and this year, despite all the adversity—injuries, front office troubles, hostile fans—they came through.

My guess is that Marshall's article was posted in the Ram locker room. The Rams proved Marshall wrong as they showed talent and, above all, courage in going as far as they did.

STEVE KEPHART
La Verne, Calif.

Sir

The Steelers may have won the Super Bowl, but the Rams proved to most people, including Joe Marshall and Paul Zimmerman (*Super! This Time Call It the Crunch Bowl*, Jan. 21), that they don't give up.

WALTER TAUSCH III
MacDill AFB, Fla.

Sir

Congratulations to Paul Zimmerman and Sandy Hulfaker on their great collaboration in your Super Bowl preview. The combination of Zimmerman's writing and Hulfaker's imaginative caricatures made it a super article.

DAVID WALKER
Roosevelt, N.Y.

Sir

The illustration by Sandy Hulfaker depicting the Slob Sweep by the Los Angeles Rams is the funniest cartoon I have ever seen in any magazine.

ALAN B. MARKS
Concord, Mass.

ALABAMA & CO.

Sir

Alabama finally wins the undisputed national championship in football, and what do I see? The Rose Bowl plastered all over your pages with only a small portion of the article devoted to the country's No. 1 team (*A Beautiful Rose, Even for 'Bama*, Jan. 14). Come on, SI! Don't you think it's about time 'Bama got the credit it so richly deserves? Let's hear it for Bear Bryant and his Crimson Tide!

SARA CHIHASZ
Loudon, Tenn.

continued

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Sir:

Although I am not a Bear Bryant fan, I must admit the Alabama coach is smart. When asked if he would like to play the Rose Bowl winner for the national championship, he replied, "Hell, no!" No doubt he realized that the outcome would have been similar to the last time USC and Alabama played—USC won 24–14—and the Tide would have lost the national title. Douglas S. Looney summed it up best in his account of the Rose Bowl: USC and Ohio State are "the nation's two best teams."

STEVE DOVER
Kemmerer, Wyo.

Sir:

The article on the Rose Bowl was a fine integration of the facts, figures and emotions that typify a college football game. The inserts about the coaches in the press-box booth added an interesting dimension and gave me an even better appreciation of what my husband, Pete Carroll, former Ohio State defensive backfield coach and now defensive coordinator at North Carolina State, goes through on game day. Thanks.

GLENA CARROLL
Columbus, Ohio

THE GREAT GORDIE

Sir:

Thanks to E. M. Swift for topping off a memorable week for the city of Detroit. The week began with the announcement that former Detroit Tiger star Al Kaline would be enshrined in the Baseball Hall of Fame. Next came a brief return visit by the Magic Man, Earvin Johnson, as the Lakers played the Pistons in the Silverdome. One night later Gordie Howe returned as the Whalers and Red Wings battled in a building named in honor of another Detroit hero, the Joe Louis Sports Arena. The week could not have ended in a better way than to have "Mr. Hockey" featured and portrayed on the cover of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (*He Just Skates On and On and On*, Jan. 21). Whether Howe plays for Hartford or Houston or Timbuktu, he will always be Detroit hockey fans' favorite son—or should I say favorite grandfather? Gordie should be SI's Sportsman of the Century.

DUANE CORSI
Warren, Mich.

Sir:

I figure Gordie Howe has only 18 seasons left in professional hockey. The mandatory retirement age in the U.S. is 70.

BERNARD BROTHMAN
Buffalo

Sir:

That Gordie Howe can play so well against kids 30 years younger than he is a tribute to his athletic ability. But to call him the greatest hockey player of all time is nonsense. That title goes to the athlete of the decade, Bobby Orr.

THOMAS P. LYNCH
Auburn, Mass.

Sir:

Howe to survive? Through brutality, expansion and intimidation.

DAVID J. O'HARE
Scranton, Pa.

DeCICCO'S WAY

Sir:

It was with great interest that I read Herman Weiskopf's article about Notre Dame Fencing Coach Michael DeCicco (*A Man Who's Rarely Foiled*, Jan. 7). When I arrived at Notre Dame in the fall of 1965, a scared 17-year-old from a school whose graduating class totaled 69, I was awestruck by the tradition and intimidated by other members of the freshman class. It seemed everyone was a valedictorian or an All-America. Curiosity, as well as a desire to compete in a varsity sport, led me to the freshman fencing organizational meeting. There were no cuts. DeCicco didn't believe in them. If you wanted to compete and were willing to put in the hours, you became a team member.

It was a comforting feeling at that first encounter to look around the room and realize that we were all starting from scratch. Coach DeCicco would teach us and then we would help teach each other. No scholarships, no headlines, just real friendships. The 54–2 record we compiled seemed to come as a natural result of this philosophy.

ROBERT A. BABINEAU JR., M.D.
Fitchburg, Mass.

Sir:

I think an NCAA investigative team should check out Mike DeCicco. Isn't there a rule against winning and having a good time in the process?

ALLAN STARK
Lakewood, Colo.

SCANDALS (CONT.)

Sir:

Re Patrick J. McBride's letter (19TH HOLE, Dec. 24-31) in response to your article on the University of New Mexico basketball scandal, wherein he suggests that the NCAA could prevent abuses of collegiate athletic standards by "making the university president directly responsible" and subject to firing if standards are violated: the NCAA is an *athletic* association! It does not, thank heaven, govern a university, which, the last time I checked, was a great deal more than a bevy of athletic teams. Could the athletic committee of the Atlantic Coast Conference fire the president of Duke University? Could the national office of Phi Beta Kappa fire the president of Davidson College?

I also happen to think college and university presidents are ultimately responsible for athletic abuses, but not because the NCAA can decree it so. Shame on McBride for such a tail-wagging-dog assumption. And shame on SI for printing his letter without commenting on such misguided thinking.

JOHN B. ROGERS JR.
Shreveport, La.

Sir:

As sports fans and former educators, we are deeply concerned about the grave injustice being done to our student-athletes. We feel that our colleges and universities and the NCAA should recognize that not every gifted athlete is academically inclined or able, as is evidenced by recent exposures of academic ineligibility and falsifying of records. The real victims are those "student-athletes" who never should have been placed in a regular college program in the first place.

We propose that the powers that be consider an alternate plan for collegiate athletics: that is, continue having regular academic courses leading to a degree for those athletes who are capable, and at the same time establish a non-degree program in life skills—improved reading and math and a skilled trade—for those athletes who are now making a sham of the term "student." This should alleviate the pressure on coaches and athletes and benefit everyone.

NANCY AND REESE WOODLING
Tucson

INDIAN RUNNERS

Sir:

I would like to congratulate you on Bertram Gabriel's fine article *Running to Nowhere* (Nov. 26), in which he gave a factual picture of the problems reservation Indian youths face in their running careers. I was disappointed, however, that he did not point out some of the programs that have been established to combat this problem. A case in point is the Department of Recreation at the Pueblo of Zuni, of which I am a former director. This department has in the past sent athletes, through the AAU, not only to cross-country but also track and field meets throughout the country. This was done in the hopes that exposure to the outside world would help these athletes cope with the realities of leaving the reservation after graduation from high school. It was our hope that by competing against some of the better athletes in the U.S., and often coming out the winner in these races, Indian youths would build the self-confidence they need.

Unfortunately, we lacked the needed support from the current Tribal Council. As a consequence, all of our funds were removed and our program was curtailed. The reasoning of the Tribal Council was that athletics is not a priority of the tribe and thus the money could be better used someplace else.

I sincerely hope that articles like yours will help to change the minds of these Tribal officials who so handicap their people.

R. MICHAEL KAKUSKA
President
Zuni Track Club
Zuni, N. Mex.

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